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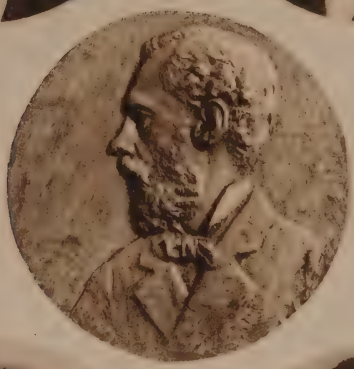
THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB

A History



J. Scott Hartley *Joseph Hartley*

W. H. Shelton

F. S. Church *Will H. Low*

THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB

BEING *a History of its Beginning as a* SKETCH CLASS, *its Public Service as the* BLACK AND WHITE SOCIETY, *and its Career as a* CLUB *from* MDCCCLXXI *to* MCMXVIII

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

BOSTON AND NEW YORK - MCMXVIII
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS CAMBRIDGE

undisturbed and intact, is that nest. The new house is fairly set between comely and respectable neighbor houses and opposite to the Old First Presbyterian Church, which rises from its ample glebe against the evening sky behind its massive bell-tower borrowed from Magdalen College, Oxford, and doubtless built seventy-four years ago to give joy to the members of an artists' club that in the fullness of time was destined to sit at its feet and dwell in its shadow.

Finding itself thus comfortably established, domiciled, situated, and settled down in some degree of affluence, the mind of the club naturally reverts to its early days and demands the story of its beginning, its vicissitudes, struggles, trials, and successes, which will be found in the following pages.

WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

Forty-Seven Fifth Avenue
March First, 1918

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THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB

A History

A TOAST FOR THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB

Old Friends and new who gather here,
May kindly thoughts and friendly cheer
Pervade our feast and warm our hearts.
May we play fair in all the parts
That life assigns. May Art, not pelf,
Be boss, and Justice stand upon our shelf.

And old friends gone, we greet you too —
We drink a silent toast to you.

Old Friends and new — the old — I give my hand to you,
The new — why, some day you'll be old — I give my hand to you.

J. B. CARRINGTON

A HISTORY OF THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB

CHAPTER I

ITS BIRTH

THE infant Salmagundi was born at 596 Broadway, in the City of New York, at eight o'clock on a Saturday night in the month of November (it may have been December), in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-one. It is a comfort to be precise about the hour of the day and the day of the week, and a comfort to feel that the circumstance of the child's eyes opening, as they did, on the skylight of a studio, had something to do with its after career in the world of art.

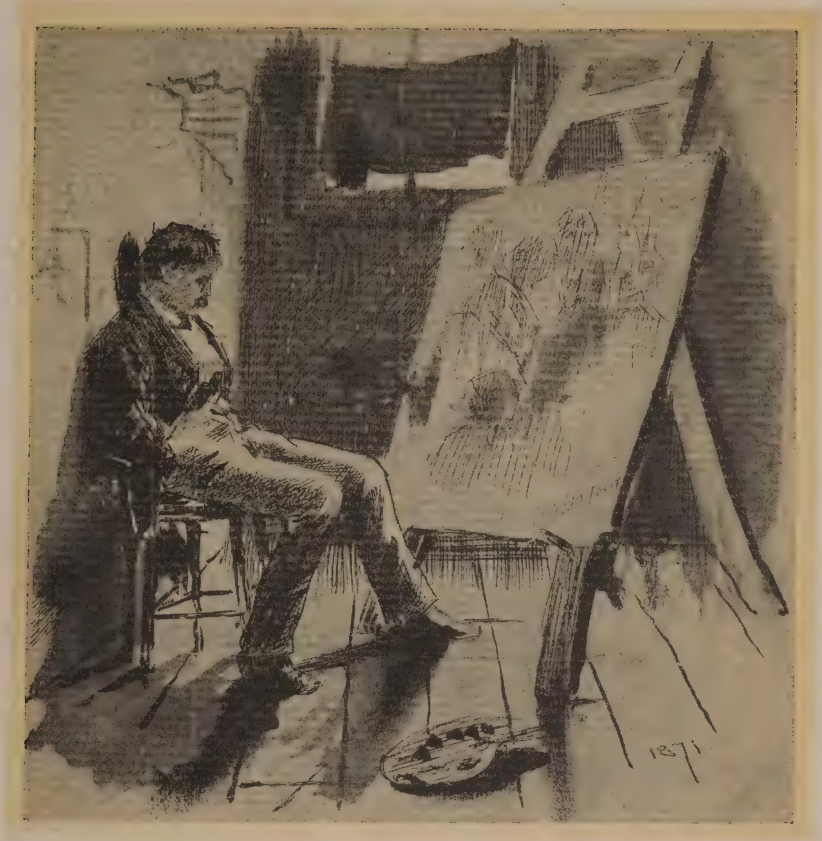
The infant was an infant club, or rather an infant destined to grow up into a club. Like its predecessor, the Century Association, the Salmagundi Club had an humble beginning in a group of art students who formed a sketch class for mutual improvement. The first meeting of the original Sketch Class was in the studio of the late Jonathan Scott Hartley, in the old building then standing at 596 Broadway, just below the

corner of Broadway and Houston Street. It was a custom inaugurated at the beginning to select a subject for illustration, and on the following Saturday evening a half-dozen sketches would be displayed on the Studio easel for mutual admiration and friendly criticism.

The members of the class during the first winter were F. S. Church and Will Low from the studio building adjoining Grace Church, and Fred Vance, from a neighboring Broadway studio, and from the studios in the building where the class met, besides the Hartleys, W. H. Shelton and Alfred E. Emslie, an English artist who was then illustrating Robert Bonner's "New York Ledger" and who is now a portrait-painter in London. J. P. Andrews, who painted still life, mostly shells and English walnuts, was always present, but never showed any of his work on the easel.

There were some at those early evening gatherings who were not artists (the club was never without laymen), notably Joseph Hartley and John, a younger brother, who led in the boxing, and Will Symons and Alec Kirkman and one McDonald, friends of the Hartleys who came from Brooklyn to join in the festivities.

There was no formality or any official proceed-



SOLITUDE

Two sketches by Will H. Low

ings in these early meetings, but at a later period Joseph Hartley was secretary as well as chairman, and was regarded as the highest authority on parliamentary law by virtue of his long service as secretary of a Masonic lodge in Brooklyn. Mr. Hartley's acquaintance in Brooklyn was the natural result of having, on his arrival in New York, made his home on the Brooklyn side of the river with his maternal uncle Kirkman, who was an eccentric and very pious old gentleman, a Hard-Shell Baptist, and the proprietor of a small soap factory. It was under the management of his son Alec, who succeeded him, that the small factory grew into a great business. Although Alec is long dead, a millionaire layman, it should be remembered that he was an active participant in the festivities that surrounded the birth of the club, and Salmagundians should take off their hats to the great Kirkman vans when they pass in the street.

The studio was a large room lighted by a broad skylight and by three windows looking down on Broadway. From these windows a few weeks before the first meeting of the Sketch Class, we had watched the passage up Broadway of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, escorted by the Ninth Regi-

ment of the National Guard, led by its famous Colonel, Jim Fisk, who was shot a few weeks later at the Grand Central Hotel.

The room along its walls was crowded with statuary and barrels and plaster casts. There was a cook-stove in one corner and bunks behind screens. The dining-table was a dry-goods box from the Hartley brothers' store in Walker Street, and the conveniences for living were on a scale of elaboration quite in keeping with the furniture. The Hartley brothers, who kept a unique store for the outfitting of pack-peddlers, were able to live more comfortably, but the bohemian life in the studio just suited them. It was bachelor housekeeping; the plaster used in casting changed the windows to ground glass and frosted the furniture and silvered the cobwebs that clung to the angles of the walls and to the frame of the skylight.

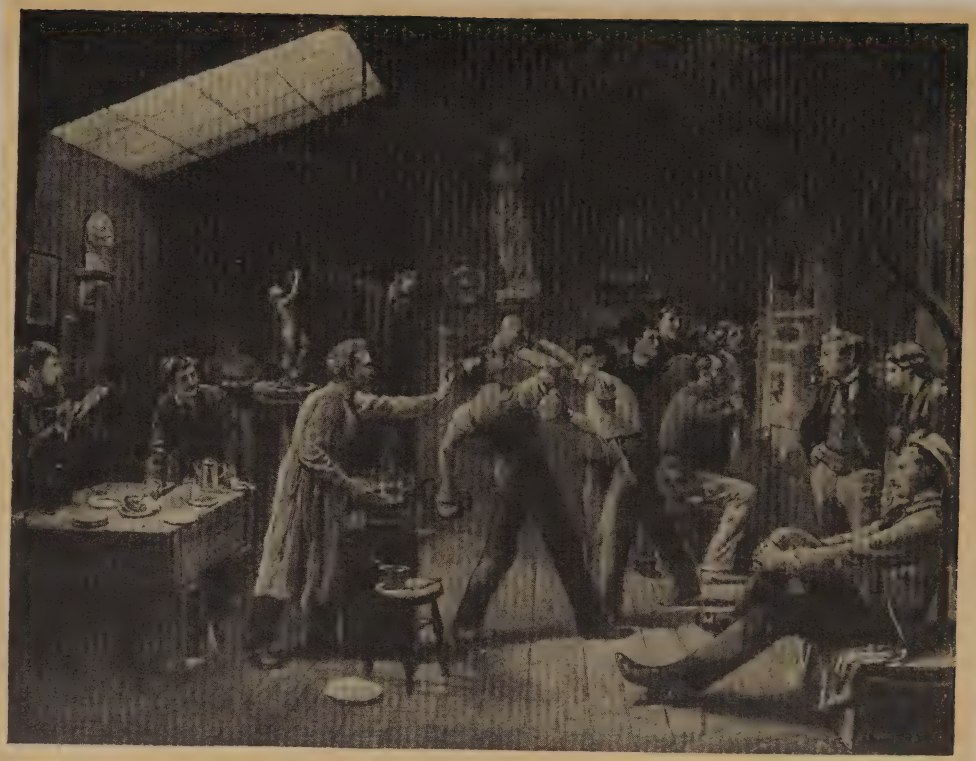
Among the occasional visitors to the studio on those early Saturday nights were some choice characters who contributed generously to the fund of amusement. "Alf" Becks, a young English actor who delighted in howling recitations in a broad Lancashire dialect, imparted a theatrical flavor to these picturesque meetings of the

Salmagundi. "Shamus O'Brien," "Laying a Gas-Pipe down," "The Explanatory Showman," and countless stories more broad than brilliant were then received with shouts of merriment by the boys whose bald heads nowadays wag wearily at better things at our own meetings and elsewhere.

George David Brown, of the "New York Herald," who did the police reports and who, with his swarthy features and straight black hair, looked more like an Indian than like a white man, was a frequent guest in those days and entertained us with ghost stories from his own abundant experience. He was a firm believer in spiritual phenomena, and when he could gather an appreciative group around him in some shadowy corner of the studio, he spun his awful yarns with a droll humor that never failed to fascinate his hearers. He had seen strange sights — or rather his ghost had — standing at the window of his Christie Street room looking out into a blinding snowstorm while his dead body lay behind him on the bed. One of his girls, who died young, had a strange way of coming to the outside of a Fulton ferryboat window when he crossed the river on stormy winter nights when the broken cakes of ice were crunching and grinding under the

paddle wheels. He was dramatizing Bret Harte's "M'liss," and claimed that he was writing a life of Christ. Brown was an original member of the Thirteen Club and a conspicuous figure at Pfaff's. Marshall, the engraver, in a rusty silk hat, who was at about that time engraving his famous head of Lincoln, and O'Donovan, the sculptor, a Virginian, who was afterwards one of the original members of the Tile Club, were sometimes present at these early meetings. "Ferd" Ward, then a handsome boy, who afterwards achieved notoriety in Wall Street and wrecked the fortune of General Grant, came once or twice with his brother Will, who was employed in the sub-treasury, and was regarded as a literary person because he was doing night work on Appleton's Encyclopædia. Young Crabtree, a son of the sprightly Lotta, was another visitor at our early meetings.

Another frequenter of these early meetings was Eugene Pfister, a young sculptor, who had fallen in love with the daughter of his master, a famous sculptor in a neighboring city. He had written a paper on Art for the "Atlantic Monthly" which not being returned, he assumed had been accepted, and he had come to New York all aglow with his success to win further fame as a



BOXING IN HARTLEY'S STUDIO

From a drawing by Will H. Low

writer and so to win the hand of his lady-love.

After the criticisms and after the semi-official proceedings, which ended in the selection of a subject for illustration at the next meeting, the crowd smoked a good deal and ate sausages baked in a top coat of pie-crust and drank coffee. Sometimes there was singing, and always rounds with the gloves that made the plaster casts dance on their pedestals and filled the air with dust like the dust in a mill. Occasionally the foils cut some figure in the entertainment, but no member was much up in the art of fencing. The rusty blades with buttons on their tips and the wire masks were more for studio decoration than for use. A drawing now hanging in the library of the club shows one of those early meetings in the Hartley studio. It was made by Will Low, who is looking in at the left side of the picture, and was used to illustrate an article on "Young Artists' Life in New York" in "Scribner's Monthly," which afterwards became the "Century Magazine." Mr. Hartley, the sculptor, in a linen tunic is preparing the sausages over a cook-stove and at the same time warning off the boxers who are dodging about the center of the room. The screen, covered with the sketches of the evening, stands

to the right, and it is John Hartley who is setting the table. H. P. Share sits on a turn-table in the right-hand foreground, and behind him are M. J. Burns and Alfred Becks. W. H. Shelton sits astride a chair in front of the easel, and in the group behind him W. W. Denslow is recognizable in the silk hat.

C. Y. Turner, who was then employed by a photographer on crayon work, joined the class the second winter. During that winter F. S. Church brought to one of the meetings Carroll Beckwith, a slender lad from Chicago who was on his way to Paris to study art as the protégé of his uncle Sherwood.

There were some interesting characters in the studios opening on the long hall at 596 Broadway, who were not identified with the Sketch Class. Mr. Whitehorn was one of the old Academicians, who painted portraits from photographs, and was noted for his gallantries. John Lane was a mysterious and forbidding-looking party, who colored photographs and was a receiver of smuggled cigars, which he stored under the floor of his studio, a section of which was movable for that purpose. His studio was a dark and mysterious region, said to be not over-clean, to which no one was admitted.

John Watts, a son of Mrs. Sefton, the famous old actress, occupied a small studio on the hall, whose walls were covered with water-color drawings on woolly paper, of picturesque old buildings about town. When he was not smoking his pipe and contemplating these productions of his brush, he was roaming in bystreets and through unfrequented sections of the old city in search for ancient rookeries (lurching on corner lots preferred) sufficiently dilapidated to be worthy of reproduction and a place in his collection. He was never known to sell a picture and seemed to live in modest dependence on his family's theatrical past.

My room-mate, J. P. Andrews, who painted conch shells and English walnuts and certain other inanimate objects, not likely to shrink or decay or otherwise perish, during the long period of reproduction, usually effected a sale of his masterpiece by promoting a lottery among his friends and neighbors, and this success was sometimes followed by a celebration that made it necessary to rearrange the poor shells and walnuts for another effort.

There was one studio on the hall that turned out campaign heads on banners at election time.

Mr. Fowler, the agent or the owner of the

building, was a frequent and often an unwelcome caller at the studios. He was an old man, slightly palsied, of a hesitating and diffident manner, and no match for some of his artist tenants. He was watched for on the stairways, dodged in the halls, and doors were locked against him. The particular studio wherein the club was born, when occupied by George David Brown and a sculptor friend (who will appreciate my delicacy), was a guarded citadel into which he could not enter, although the inmates of the castle observed his distress through a hole in the door.

The building at 596 Broadway was next to the famous Helmbold drug-store, which separated us from the Metropolitan Hotel. Niblo's Garden, then a fashionable theater, was a building behind the hotel, with a stage entrance on the rear street and the main Broadway entrance through the hotel. Niblo's Garden was destroyed by fire in the summer of 1872, and the fire was a rare spectacle from the south window of the studio I occupied with J. P. Andrews, until the heat of the conflagration obliged us to close the iron shutter.

Niblo's Garden was not considered, at that time, as too far downtown, although it was never rebuilt. In fact it was quite a theatrical and

"show" neighborhood, affording a peculiar out-of-door atmosphere that surrounded the cradle of the infant Salmagundi Club and doubtless rose up to mingle with the atmosphere within that sacred nursery of Art. Tony Pastor's was just around the corner in Houston Street, hard by two English chophouses known as the "House of Lords" and the "House of Commons." The Globe Theater, where George Fox played Humpty Dumpty the year 'round, was on Broadway just above the corner of Houston Street. Niblo's, in 1871, had just passed the Black Crook period, but every cellar in the neighborhood was a free-and-easy, or a "Dew Drop Inn," where girl-graduates of the famous ballet served the drinks in pink and blue and red tights. There were lotteries and gambling-houses on every hand, confident of the protection of police headquarters which was close by in Mulberry Street.

It was the ambition of most of the members of the Sketch Class to do something in illustration, and the art managers of the various illustrated publications were regarded with expectation not unmixed with awe. The art department at Harpers' was presided over by Mr. Charles Parsons, an amiable gentleman, who held out a

cordial hand to new men. The Appletons were preparing an ambitious work, "Picturesque America," under the art control of a Mr. Bunce, a nervous gentleman, who was said to be in private life the gentlest and most lovable of men, but who was liable, on the least provocation from a visiting artist, to fly into a rage and explode like a box of fire-crackers. Will H. Low was already in the employ of this dreaded Cerberus, and we listened with awe and trembling to his reports of events of which he had been a witness.

"Scribner's Monthly," then published at 743 Broadway, was an approachable market. "Frank Leslie's," at the corner of Pearl and Elm Streets, near the shot tower, was a possible market for jokes, and farther downtown were "Wild Oats" in Ann Street, and "Phunny Phellow," and a German comic paper called "Snederadang."

My first success was at "Wild Oats" with a full-page drawing of Brigham Young's wives, for which I received twenty-five dollars. The imaginary heads of the Salt Lake ladies were drawn in pencil on a yellow boxwood block made up of a large number of small blocks riveted together. A drawing of my stage-coach, "Abandoned," afterwards appeared in "Hearth and

SOLITUDE
By Alfred E. Emslie

ABANDONED
By W. H. Shelton

Home." It was after the first season at 596 Broadway that F. S. Church came up from Harpers' with a market-basket full of boxwood blocks, the admiration and envy of the class.

These struggles and successes weave into a wider atmosphere that surrounded the infant club. While the members came together but once a week at the Hartley studio, they met nightly in the basement of the National Academy of Design, at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue in the cast room or in the life class. We sometimes looked in at a large room in the Cooper Union where Vinnie Ream was modeling a bust of Peter Cooper, behind a red cord, which kept off the spectators.

CHAPTER II

THE REVIVAL OF THE CLUB

In the spring of 1873, after the second winter of the Sketch Class at 596 Broadway, Mr. Hartley, the sculptor, went abroad for two years' study in Rome, and the class was without a home. There was no lack of studios in which the class might have continued its meetings. Most of the buildings on Broadway above Houston Street were filled with studios on the upper floors, and the Tenth Street studio building was a fashionable uptown place where society flocked to the artist's receptions. It was quite a different town then. Central Park lay beyond the northern boundary of the city, and Fifth Avenue was not yet built up so far. Between Saint Patrick's Cathedral and the park was one block where high ledges of rock faced each other, towering above the street, crowned with the huts of squatters, and with stable-yards and paddocks of battered tin roofing, where goats looked down on the traffic of Fifth Avenue.

There was a rather shabby and picturesque old building at 896 Broadway, opposite to Lord

and Taylor's, that was destined to be the second home of the Sketch Class. It was in a picturesque neighborhood looking down on the wide dooryard of Peter Goelet's house at the corner of Nineteenth Street, where several gorgeous-tailed pheasants and a crumple-horned cow wandered about the lawn and looked through the iron fence at the parade on Broadway. The eccentric owner of this peculiar establishment had a carpenter's shop in the basement of the house where he was often seen working at the bench.

In the ramshackle building there were barbers' shops and chiropodists' parlors opening on the stairway leading up to the studios on the upper floor. Mr. Hartley remained abroad for two years, returning in 1874 or 1875, when he took a studio in the building at 896 Broadway and soon thereafter the Sketch Class resumed its meetings. There is no record of any meeting during Mr. Hartley's absence. The earliest record in the possession of the club, after Mr. Hartley's return, is the secretary's report for December 30, 1876, when, among the five candidates voted on for membership on that evening, appear the names of Frederick Dielman, late president

of the National Academy of Design, and A. B. Frost, the well-known illustrator.

At that time the class or club seems to have been limited in membership to twenty, and only two members could be elected at one meeting. One month later, on the 30th of January, 1877, we find the record: "It was decided the name of the club shall be 'The Salmagundi Sketch Club.'" The name was the suggestion of J. Scott Hartley, and was, of course, borrowed from the title of the celebrated papers issued by Irving, Paulding, and others from Cockloft Hall in Newark in 1807 under the title "Salmagundi, or Whim-whams and Opinions of Launcelot Longstaff, Esq., and others." A second series of these papers was published in 1819. And as late as 1830 we find the word "Salmagundi" a favorite heading for the column of clippings in the "New York Mirror" which was then the cream of polite literature as conducted by N. P. Willis, George P. Morris, and Theodore S. Fay.

The word seems to have been of remote Italian origin and was adopted as the name of a salad of many ingredients. In the "History of the Coronation of James II," by Francis Sanford, Esq., printed by Thomas Newcomb, London, 1687,

"Salmagundy" is mentioned as one of the one hundred and seventy-five dishes served at the Royal table.

Rabelais uses the word in "Pantagruel" as the name of a "Chatellenie" or Lairdship with a peculiar revenue of Cockchafers, Locusts, and Periwinkles. The spelling in Rabelais is "Salmagundin," but Thomas Moore adopts the present spelling in his "Salmagundian Hymn":

"'Hurra! Hurra!' I heard them say,
And they cheered and shouted all the way,
As the Laird of Salmagundi went
To open in state his Parliament.

"The Salmagundians once were rich,
Or thought they were — no matter which —
For, every year, the Revenue
From their Periwinkles larger grew;
And their rulers, skilled in all the trick,
And legerdemain of arithmetic,
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,
Such various ways, behind, before,
That they made a unit seem a score,
And proved themselves most wealthy men!

"So, on they went, a prosperous crew,
The people wise, the rulers clever —
And God help those, like me and you,
Who dared to doubt (as some now do)
That the Periwinkle Revenue
Would thus go flourishing on forever.

"'Hurra! Hurra!' I heard them say,
And they cheered and shouted all the way,
As the Great Panurge in glory went
To open his own dear Parliament.

"But folks at length began to doubt
What all this conjuring was about;
And every day, more deep in debt
They saw their wealthy rulers get: —
'Let's look (said they) the items thro'
And see if what we're told be true
Of our Periwinkle Revenue!'

But, Lord, they found there was n't a tittle
Of truth in aught they heard before;
For they gained by Periwinkles little,
And lost by Locusts ten times more!
These Locusts are a lordly breed
Some Salmagundians love to feed.
Of all the beasts that ever were born,
Your Locust most delights in corn;
And though his body be but small
To fatten him takes the devil and all.

"Nor this the worst, for, dearer still
Alack, alack, and well-a-day!
Their Periwinkles — once the stay
And prop of the Salmagundi till —
For want of feeding, all fell ill!
And still, as they thinned and died away
The Locusts, aye, and the Locusts Bill,
Grew faster and faster every day!

"'Oh, fie! Oh, fie!' was now the cry,
As they saw the gaudy show go by,
And the Laird of Salmagundi went
To open his Locust Parliament!"

I find in the club's copy of "Rabelais" the following interesting letter from the late Russell Sturgis:

"April 12th, 1901

"DEAR MR. SHELTON:

"In Pantagruel, Book II, Chapter 32, the great prince who gives name to the romance gives away the 'chatellenie de Salmigondin,' but in Book III, Chapter 2, he gives it this time to Panurge, the name of the old lordship being spelled differently in this instance, namely, 'Salmigoundin.' This second instance is at the beginning of that famous chapter in which it is explained how Panurge ate his wheat in the blade; namely in fourteen days destroyed and used up the certain and uncertain revenue of his manor for three years — and how being remonstrated with by his lord, Pantagruel, he explained that he did not want to be rich, he had never dreamed of such a thing, and thought only of living jolly. But Panurge proposes to give away his lordship and especially its revenue of cockchafers, Book IV, and again Book IV, Chapter 59, a dish of some kind called the 'Salmigoundin' is announced but is not explained. It has always been my belief that the

word was of Rabelais's own coining and meant nothing particular.

"'Salmigondis' (as spelled by Larousse) is a sort of ragout of different sorts of meats and flavoring ingredients, and apparently hot; but as Irving used the corresponding word, he appeared to have imagined it to be a cold dish, as a salad with oil and lemon juice. . . ."

The name of the club as written in the charter granted in 1880 was "The Salmagundi Sketch Club," and so it appeared on the title-pages of the catalogues of the Annual Black and White Exhibitions of the club from 1879 to 1884. The incorporators were Joseph and J. Scott Hartley, J. Wells Champney, George Inness, Jr., A. C. Morgan, Walter Clark, J. Francis Murphy, W. H. Shelton, Milton J. Burns, H. P. Share, and Sidney and Charles Osborne. The word "Sketch" has since been removed from the title of the club by official action at Albany.

From chairman of the Sketch Class, Joseph Hartley became president of the club and remained the first president through the exhibition period. He was for a long time treasurer of the club and during the years when its finances were

George Inness, Jr. *Carl Hirschberg*

C. Y. Turner

G. W. Maynard *A. C. Morgan*

in a precarious and uncertain condition, he generously paid the club bills, and advanced funds to carry it over more than one financial crisis. In the early period when he was the only "layman" member, he attended to the club business while the artist-members made the pictures. He was the first secretary as well as the first president and the first layman, and some of his early records are short and to the point, reading like abbreviated cablegrams:

"27th Dec. Mr. Morgan resigned from committee on Hall. 'Happy as a King.'

"3d. January 1879. No quorum. Weirdness."

It should be explained that "Happy as a King" and "Weirdness" were subjects chosen for illustration.

"14th Feby. Valentine's Day. F. Hopkinson Smith proposed G. W. Maynard do. 'Conviviality' was selected. 'Silence' was substituted."

The entries indicate a constant shifting of membership; dropping members for fines or for nonpayment of dues and reinstating when accounts were settled; records of members showing sketches and subjects selected. Such names appear in this first book of record as Walter Shirlaw, Howard Pyle, W. A. Rogers, C. D. Weldon, Rufus Zogbaum, Joseph Lauber, Harry Ogden, Gilbert

Gaul, T. de Thulstrup, Charles Graham, and I. W. Taber.

Of the two names proposed for membership on Saint Valentine's Day, Mr. Maynard was elected but Mr. Smith's name did not go before the club as it was found that several of the members, who were also members of the Water-Color Society, were determined to blackball him, and I, who had proposed him, had to ask him to withdraw his name. It should be explained here that the American Water-Color Society, at that time, was divided into two camps, the progressives led by F. Hopkinson Smith and the conservatives who were opposed to F. Hopkinson Smith. The club, at this time, was somewhat narrow in its attitude towards new members. It happened a little later that Stanford White was also proposed for membership, and a member took the floor solemnly to explain that an architect was not an artist.

On October 20, 1877, the subject illustrated was "Wind," on the 8th of December it was "Hell," and on November 17, "A Frosty Morning." At that meeting "A Calm" was chosen for the next subject, but before adjournment it was changed to "NG." On April 12, 1878, the subject illustrated was "Extremes Meet," and three of

the sketches have been preserved. One is by Fred T. Vance, who died in the Soldiers' Home at Bath, New York, in 1890; one by H. M. Wolcott; and the third by an unknown hand. These drawings and a few others of that period may be found in a scrap-book in the library marked "Invoices."

It was the custom of the secretary at these early meetings to read a list of subjects, which had gradually accumulated, and the reading was commonly accompanied by free comments and catcalls. When the motion to adjourn came up, it often happened that the ayes and noes were about equally divided and the two factions tried to howl each other down.

There is evidence of some, who were present, that the reorganization of the club took place at a meeting, held in Mr. Hartley's studio at 896 Broadway, which was called for that purpose, and at which I was not present. The first mention of the place of meeting occurs in the entry for October 6, 1877, nearly a year after the record begins. It was held on that evening in the studio of C. Y. Turner and Carl Hirschberg, at 896 Broadway. As it was during that month that the club removed to No. 1 Union Square, it is probable that its meetings had been held in the Turner-Hirsch-

berg Studio for at least a year before leaving that building, and probably the election of Dielman in December, 1876, had taken place in that studio.

On October 27, the club went to No. 1 Union Square, where it hired a room from one Huffington, who sold etchings from a portfolio, and who consented to give up his quarters for one night a week for a weekly rental of $3.00. At this time the drink of the club was a mixture of coffee and chocolate called "Salmagundi." This peculiar combination had been in vogue since about the time of the choice of the club's name. It was not unusual for a club to adopt an official beverage: that of the New York Etching Club was whiskey and ginger ale served in exceptionally tall glasses.

During the brief period of its stay in Union Square the club took the first downward step from its austere stand on the subject of soft drinks. The coffee and chocolate had been supplied for years by "Chris," the German janitor at 896 Broadway, who continued the same service to the club after the removal to Union Square. If the business meeting was not over when "Chris" arrived, the pots were set on the hearth close to the open grate fire. The house committee, commonly

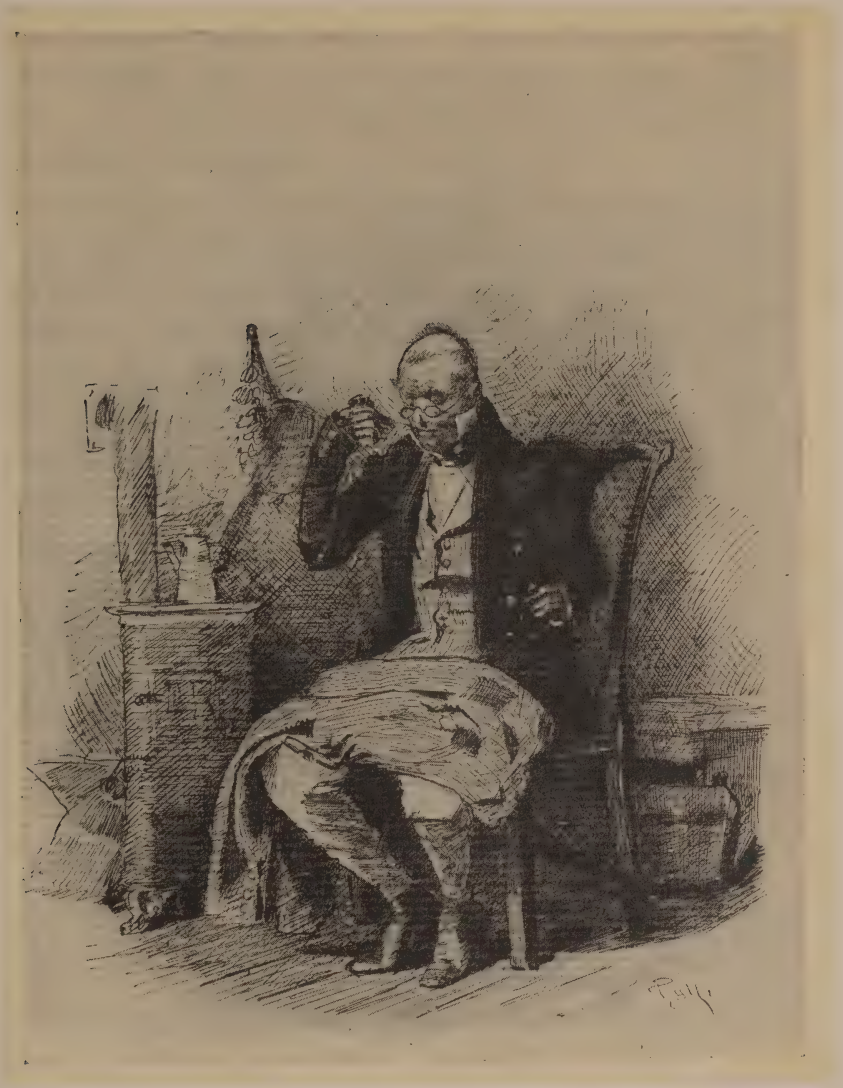
called the "hash committee," consisted of one member, and at this particular period the house committee was the writer of this history. There had been various propositions to serve beer at the weekly meetings which had met with considerable opposition. One of the leaders of the opposition was James Kelly, an artist, then looked upon as one of the promising illustrators because of the violent action of his horses and of their riders and who has since become a sculptor. One night the house committee instructed "Chris" to fill the pots with beer. The willing janitor timed his arrival so as to appear just as the meeting adjourned. The supper was just at that stage when the dry cakes began to stick in the throats of the thirsty members, so that the advent of "Chris" was hailed with vociferous calls for drink.

The house committee took the two pots, one in each hand, according to custom, and asked the first member reached whether he would have chocolate, coffee, or salmagundi. Whatever the reply was, beer foamed into the cup and into all the other cups as they were extended. The old club drink was not given up altogether, but thereafter steins had their places among the cups and saucers.

In February, 1878, the club moved to a build-

ing known as Science Hall in Eighth Street, opposite to the Mercantile Library. Here it occupied permanent quarters of its own, where a few pictures could be hung on the walls and where the dishes and crumbs of the supper could remain undisturbed through the week. With the occupancy of the new room the meeting night was changed from Saturday to Friday because Saturday was "Century Night" at the old club in Fifteenth Street, and George Maynard was a member of both the Salmagundi Club and the Century Club. It happened that Friday night was also the meeting night of a society of long-haired progressionists, male and female, which was always in session holding a solemn conclave on the first floor of the building when the Salmagundi Club members came in.

Howard Pyle was one of the popular members of that period when a member's popularity depended largely on the quality of his work. He was usually too busy to attend the meetings, but it was only a step from Eighth Street to the studio building adjoining Grace Church, and a committee of one was frequently appointed to bring him down. Sometimes he would be found writing, but more often with a sheet of Whatman's paper on



SOMETHING FRESH

By Howard Pyle

his easel moving backward and forward before a wet drawing by the light of a student-lamp, and not to be disturbed or enticed from his work by threat or persuasion.

The subject chosen for illustration at the first meeting at Science Hall was "Something Fresh." Probably the last subject illustrated at Science Hall was "The End," and Mr. Morgan's amusing treatment of that subject has also been preserved in the scrap-book. F-I-N-I-S in five staggering block letters, is represented carrying off the table and chairs and the two pots that were used for coffee and chocolate.

It was while the club was at Science Hall that its first exhibition of drawings in black and white was held at the Leavitt Galleries at 817 Broadway, near Thirteenth Street. Leavitt's corresponded to the American Galleries of to-day, and it was there that the great auctions of foreign paintings began. Some of the favorites of that period, conspicuous in all the collections sold, were Meyer von Bremen, Schreyer, Verboeckhoven, and little Preyer, who usually painted a glass of champagne with the bubbles ascending and a house-fly somewhere in the composition. Still-life pictures were especially popular at that time

and brought great prices. There was always a group of long-wooled sheep by Schenck, huddled together in the blinding snow.

The sale took place on the evenings of May 23 and 24, 1878. There were 202 drawings sold for $1145; about one half of this sum was absorbed in the expense account. This exhibition and sale was reckoned as Number One in the list of Black and White Exhibitions which followed. According to the list of members published in the catalogue of the sale at Leavitt's the club had but twenty-nine members:

M. J. Burns
F. S. Church
Walter Clark
H. P. Cusachs
Frank Fowler
F. M. Gregory
Jon. S. Hartley
Jos. Hartley
Geo. Inness, Jr.
James Kelly
J. Lauber
S. G. McCutcheon
C. Mente
A. C. Morgan
C. A. Needham
Charles Osborne
G. W. Piggott
Howard Pyle
W. A. Rogers
H. P. Share
W. H. Shelton
W. P. Snyder
I. W. Taber
F. H. Tompkins
C. Y. Turner
C. F. Tuttle
F. Vance
C. D. Weldon
H. P. Wolcott

A. B. Frost was on the staff of the "Graphic" when he joined the club in January, 1877. The

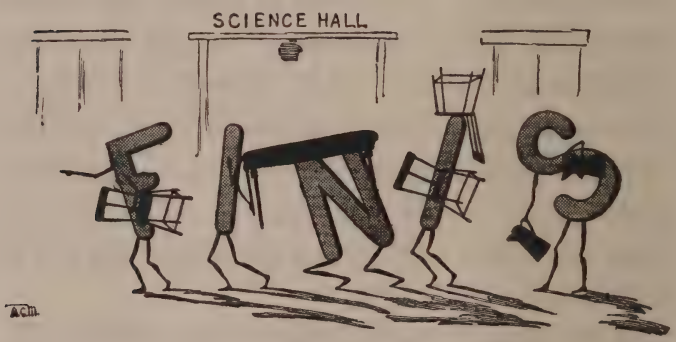
"Graphic" was an illustrated daily that reproduced pen drawings by the newly discovered process of the Photo Engraving Company, and was the first daily paper in New York to publish illustrations. According to the record Mr. Frost was "Dropped to go to England" within a month after joining. C. D. Weldon was a draughtsman on the same paper. W. A. Rogers and Charles Graham were at "Harper's." Nearly all the members were students in the schools of the National Academy of Design and afterwards seceded from that institution with the group of students who founded the Art Students' League at 108 Fifth Avenue.

Walter Shirlaw had dropped out of membership before the exhibition period, but in gratitude for his loan of a series of cartoons in charcoal, which was used as a frieze in one of the rooms during the first occupation of the old Academy Building at Twenty-Third Street and Fourth Avenue, he was made an honorary member. The same distinction was conferred on J. G. Brown in gratitude for a loan of a hundred dollars to help meet the deficit of 1879, but the honor was not in satisfaction of the debt.

It was one of the curious customs of the club, when a candidate for membership was defeated

at the election, immediately to propose him for honorary membership. This was usually done in the form of a motion made by his immediate sponsor and would be persistently brought up, week after week, although no such motion was ever successful, or was ever expected to be.

After the auction at Leavitt's the members of the club who wore silk hats and cut-away coats and varnished boots, and carried tightly rolled, ten-dollar umbrellas, walked up Broadway with a smug consciousness of their eminent respectability, while the members who wore soft hats and velveteen coats and seldom cut their hair, repaired to a neighboring restaurant, which was below the sidewalk, and celebrated the occasion with a dinner.



CHAPTER III

THE EXHIBITION PERIOD

THE present chapter covers a period of nine years of trials and achievements, of financial straits, of frequent movings, and of homeless wanderings — but always with the Black and White Exhibitions well in hand. We could be idle during the long summers in the mountains or by the sea, but when fall came there were drawings to collect and catalogues to be printed, and a function, that at one time became almost international, to be conducted to a success.

In October, 1879, the club returned to the shabby and picturesque building at 896 Broadway. The room it then occupied had a square window looking on the hall which served an excellent purpose as a setting for Punch and Judy shows, which were given by George W. Piggott and Frank M. Gregory. Looking back so far the room seems to have been mostly window, and the Punch and Judy shows come back more vividly to mind than the more serious things we did there. This room with the hole in the wall was the scene

of the club's activities for a year, and the first of the series of Black and White Exhibitions was managed from this room. It was an event in the art world of that day, an event by which the Salmagundi Club emerged from obscurity into prominence — so there was something besides the Punch and Judy show that came through the hole in the wall.

It appears from the record that the members supplied from their studios various decorations for the room, and that Napoleon Sarony's contribution was a Swedish child's sled in many colors which was placed on the piano. One evening there was a contest in rapid chalk drawing, for which large stretchers of gray paper were placed on easels and five minutes were allowed, within which time the picture must be completed or the work abandoned at the fall of the gavel. M. J. Burns, H. P. Share, Francis Murphy, and Napoleon Sarony were among the successful contestants. The quartette for the evening was led by M. Gaston Fuerdent, who had just thrown the whole art world into a ferment by his attack on the Di Cesnola Collection at the Metropolitan Museum. In the singing M. Fuerdent was assisted by Charles Osborne, Alexander C. Morgan, and Charles Har-

rison. A little later Frank Fowler was the favorite tenor of the club quartette and Charles Osborne was the deep, deep bass.

In 1879, while in this room, the club was commissioned by "Scribner's Monthly," which afterwards became the "Century Magazine," to illustrate an article by William H. Bishop, entitled "Young Artist Life in New York."

There were some curious propositions made to the club from time to time. One sympathetic maiden-lady proposed to leave her fortune to the club, to be administered in the interest of indigent artists. Land companies offered lots in the country; authors applied to have illustrated serial articles (which were not yet accepted), proposing to divide with the club the large sums they anticipated receiving from some magazine. There is one proposition on record from the "Century Company," that a new cover for the "St. Nicholas" should be made the subject of one of the club's weekly contests. Nothing, however, reads more absurdly, in the light of present-day views, than the secretary's record for November 12, 1880, while the club was still in its Punch and Judy room, showing that a proposition was actually received from the Metropolitan Museum

to decorate one of its rooms in black and white. The infant museum was then in Fourteenth Street.

In the fall of 1881 the club hired a portion of the large studio of Robert Minor in the old University Building in Washington Square. The first meeting of the season was held in the chapel of the University, the new room not being ready. The Minor Studio was originally a hall or classroom of huge proportions so that when one end was screened off for the club, an exceptionally large studio remained. The walls were covered with gray burlap, and under the high ceiling, together with the other generous dimensions of the room, there was a new feeling of space and freedom and importance.

At this time a revival of interest in the art of etching was taking hold of the public and of the painters. It was in the Minor Studio that Charles Volkmar, the potter of the club, who had already etched on copper, gave a series of lessons to some of his fellow members. The charm of the first bitten line and the initiation into the mysteries of the use of the blue and green acid are pleasantly associated with this room in the old University Building to more than one painter who afterwards enjoyed wide reputation as an etcher.

CLUB MEMBERS, 1879

By H. P. Share

An etching press was set up, and with the enthusiasm of beginners the club exhibited in the following December its first Annual Portfolio of Etchings which was also its last.

There are other associations connected with this period in the University Building which were less rosy, for before spring the club found itself in serious financial distress. This was a chronic condition, but the case was now more aggravated than usual following the close of the Third Exhibition which had left a debt of nearly nine hundred dollars in its wake. The preceding exhibition, it may be mentioned, had left a deficit of over seven hundred dollars. The outlook was gloomy; there was even talk of disbanding the club.

The council of the Academy returned, however, a hundred dollars of the rent and Mr. John Taylor Johnston, who was interested in the work the club was doing, sent his check for fifty dollars. These were the only offers of assistance that the club accepted, but means were found to tide over the difficulties and with commendable courage the Academy was hired for another year.

The room in the University had to be given up, however, and the following season began a period

of meetings in the studios and at the homes of members which continued throughout the year.

During one of the meetings at the University, J. Scott Hartley, the sculptor, confided to me that he intended to make a disastrous exposure that evening of "the ways that were dark" as practiced at a set of séances then being held by the famous Eddy Brothers in Eighth Avenue. He was a man of peculiarly matter-of-fact turn of mind, and the faith which some of his friends reposed in the manifestations had so irritated him that he had resolved on this course. A half-dozen of us agreed to accompany him and witness the disastrous exposure.

It should be stated here that Mr. Hartley's father-in-law, George Inness, was a Swedenborgian, and was disposed to look leniently on the supernatural, and it was after some heated discussions at home that Mr. Hartley determined to treat Mr. Inness to a practical exposure of spiritualistic fraud.

So on a certain winter's night our little party filed out of the stone portals of the old University in time to "take in" the entertainment in Eighth Avenue.

A few of the faithful were already assembled in a second-floor front room over a second-class

shop. We left our coats and hats and half-dollars in the back parlor. The front room had the usual two windows looking out upon the street, and an open door near the left-hand corner opening into the bedroom at the end of the hall. One of the guests was a prominent artist's model of that day, the wife of a newspaper reporter, whom she had married during his career in London, and whom we all knew.

The entertainment was divided into two parts, the first of which was an exhibition of the famous materializations. The gas was extinguished; a paper cylinder was placed over the one kerosene lamp left burning on the mantelpiece, and this luminary, together with the light emitted through the dingy isinglass of the coal stove, supplied the dim religious twilight for the first installment of horrors. We observed that the faithful believers were assembled about the stove opposite to the door of the bedroom out of which the spirits were to come and the strangers, including ourselves, occupied the other end of the room. All the preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, the elder brother, who spoke with a peculiar nasal twang, came in from his attendance on the outer door and announced to the

company that, although he was suffering from a very bad cold, "s'long as so many of the friends were present," he would "try to do somethin' for them." He then retired to the bedroom, taking considerable time to dress for the first male spook, after which the others continued to come more promptly until the turn of the female spirits came, when there was the usual long wait incident to the radical change of costume. For my part I was ready enough to be deceived, but the nasal drawl of every ghost robbed the entertainment of all illusion. Strangely enough, this peculiarity was not noticed by the believers, who several times announced that the manifestation was for them. Once the mysterious visitor was a child, and in this case the attempt at illusion consisted of a child's dress draped around the medium's leg below the knee and pushed out of the bedroom door.

After this performance there was a short recess, during which the faithful discussed the manifestations with bated breath, after which the entertainment continued with a variety performance in the full light. Across one corner of the room a blanket was stretched from the bedroom door to the pier glass and from behind this we

were treated to doleful music from a variety of musical instruments. When the music from the violin was sounding softly from behind the curtain, the neck of the instrument now and then floating into view above that barrier, our skeptical sculptor, with the spring of a panther, darted across the room and under the folds of the blanket. I only remember that he failed to find the human agent he had expected to encounter, and his action only excited the indignation of the performers and the believers.

We must have returned at this time, after leaving the Minor Studio, to the original mixed drink of the club, for we learned, during our wanderings among houses and studios, where the wives of the members made chocolate thin and where they made it thick.

At some of the meetings in the studios there were models, draped or nude, and the evening was devoted to serious study. On one occasion a professional model then much in vogue among the military painters took the stand in the uniform of a Zouave of '61. The pose was a difficult one, with the heavy gun at "charge bayonet," and the figure poised forward in action suitable to that

command. Some question of his endurance had put the man on his mettle and when rest was called he declined to sit down. In short, he set his teeth and his muscles in a supreme effort to break the record for holding a difficult pose. He was in the presence of some of his chief patrons, and the race of endurance against time continued until his face became white like chalk and his muscles so set that he had to be taken down and straightened out like an automaton.

On another occasion the club was treated to a different pose after the business meeting was over. It was in the studio of a landscape painter, and one end of the fine room was centered on a heavy gold frame from which a six-foot upright canvas had been removed. In front of this frame stood the softly carpeted model stand and draperies were in the frame for a background.

"Be seated gentlemen," said the landscape painter, "and have your working materials at hand, for I am going to give you a little surprise this evening. With that he turned the studio reflector full on the tall gold frame and, drawing the silken draperies aside, there tripped through the opening and out upon the red carpet the daintiest model that ever was seen, affording

possibly the very first of what have since been called living pictures.

During its migratory days and its days of small rooms, the club met on special occasions in the great reception-room at Sarony's Photograph Gallery on Union Square. It was the same room in which the Tile Club long held its meetings and painted plaques and told rare stories. This room, one flight up, contained the little photographer's collections of bric-à-brac and curios. At a club smoker we welcomed our guests among Russian sleighs, Egyptian mummies, Indian pottery, Japanese armor, mediæval arms and groups of statuary and eastern draperies. At one of these receptions the invitations were printed on the top and bottom of sheets of Whatman paper, leaving a space between for a drawing by a member of the club, like the drawing made by Napoleon Sarony on the invitation to George Inness. Two hundred of these elaborate invitations were decorated and signed by members. The Tile Club at work could be seated around a long table at one end of the room, but on these great occasions the Salmagundians occupied the whole floor and Chinese gods of many colors and grinning crocodiles looked down from wall and

ceiling, through wreaths of blue smoke, on the revelers, among whom the little photographer himself was chief mountebank as well as hospitable host. He usually entered the room at a crouching walk, by which he reduced his height to a matter of three feet and often with his wig in his hand or cocked forward on his nose. It was not an uncommon ceremony to pick him up and pass him around as if he were a piece of animated bric-à-brac. One summer night at the Gregory Studio in Washington Square, which was on the ground floor of the Benedict, the little man became so angry upon the rejection of a candidate he had proposed that he made an abrupt departure by the window instead of by the door and was not seen again for months.

These receptions given by the Salmagundi Club were notable events in the art year and shared the honors with the annual reception of the Water-Color Society at the Academy. F. Hopkinson Smith, before he was known to fame, and Colonel Ke-arter, before that delightful old Southern gentleman was amplified almost beyond recognition by his old friends in the Salmagundi and the Tile Clubs, were always jointly on tap.

The Colonel, at that time, had developed no

In hoc eſt hoax, cvm qviz et jokeſez,
Et ſmokem, toaſtem, roaſtem ſolkſez,
Fee, faw, fvm. *Pralmanazar.*
With baked, and broil'd, and ſtew'd and toaſt'd,
And fried and boil'd, and ſmok'd and roaſt'd'
We treat the town.

Mr George Inness

The Salmagundi Sketch Club

will be

pleased to receive you

Friday Eve., Dec. 17th, 1880,

8.30 o'clock.

37 Union Square.

SARONY'S INVITATION TO GEORGE INNESS

relatives whatever, and besides himself, the only characters in the story were his factor at New Orleans, who had failed to forward his remittance, which was an advance on the next year's cotton crop, and the damned Yankee postmaster who, under those trying circumstances, actually refused to lend the Colonel the loan of a postage stamp. In his honest indignation the Colonel believed that he was perfectly justified in shooting the postmaster.

Ned Abbey, with smiling white teeth, and Arthur Quartley, in a Japanese grass skull-cap, and Stanley Reinhart and Theodore Robinson were usually to be found in the throng of smokers.

The Fourth Exhibition, in 1882, which was conducted while the club was still on its migrations, was the first financial success, it actually leaving a balance on the right side of the ledger of $253.61. With this encouragement the club gave up its wanderings, and, in the fall of 1884, the meetings began in the studio of the secretary, Frank M. Gregory, in the Benedict, Washington Square, which continued to be the headquarters of the club until the Annual Black and White Exhibitions came to an end in 1887. Mr. Gregory's studio was in the room on the ground floor of the

building, at the right as one enters and opposite to the office. This studio in the Benedict is the only meeting-place of the Salmagundi Club during the twenty-four years of its wanderings, before settling in Twelfth Street, that remains as it was when the club occupied it. Elsewhere the buildings have been torn down or the old club quarters have been altered beyond recognition.

The club dues had always been low, and there was a time in its early history when the monthly fee was fifty cents, and that not for a year, but for the "season," which meant for the period when meetings were held, with no fees for three or four months when the members were supposed to be in the country. The following circular, issued to the members by the treasurer during the second year in the Gregory Studio, which was the year of the Seventh Black and White Exhibition, a public function involving heavy expenditure and usually resulting in a considerable loss, shows how pitifully inadequate the income of the club was for the business in hand. The circular speaks for itself:

"November 10th, 1885

"At a meeting of the Salmagundi Club, held November 6th, the question of finances was dis-

cussed at length and it was decided to raise the dues, as the present receipts would not cover expenses, including rent.

"It was resolved: —

"That the dues be raised from $7.00 to $10.00 for the season, but if paid before January 1st, 1886, $8.00 would be received in full payment of members' dues; also that there was to be no further collections for beer, etc. which was to be provided by the club.

"Respectfully

"A. C. MORGAN

"Treasurer"

From 1879 to 1887 the Salmagundi Sketch Club had a national, even an international, reputation through its annual exhibitions of Black and White art. These exhibitions were open to all exhibitors (the exhibits passing before a jury of club members) and were always announced as "Under the Auspices of the Salmagundi Sketch Club." The exhibition which was held at the Kurtz Galleries in the winter of 1879 was the first of the series of such exhibitions that gave the club its wide reputation as the Black and White Society. The publishers took an immediate interest, showing the

original drawings from which recent illustrations had been made. The "Scribner's" collection, in that year, was numbered together from 94 to 127, and the exhibits of the "Daily Graphic," from 151 to 159.

In 1880, 1881, and 1882, these exhibitions were held in the Academy of Design as were those of the American Water-Color Society. In 1883 the exhibition was at the galleries of the American Art Association (formerly Kurtz), and again in 1884 at the Academy. The public, by this time, seemed to have lost somewhat of its interest in black and white exhibitions, but the club, usually at a loss, continued to struggle on in the discharge of its self-imposed public duty. In 1886 and 1887 it had returned to the American Galleries to join hands with the Architectural League in those two years, which stand as the first and second exhibitions of that flourishing society. Thus, as the Salmagundi Sketch Club retired from the exhibition field, it had the honor of introducing to the public a sturdy young organization which continues to provide one of the annual exhibitions to a public vastly more critical.

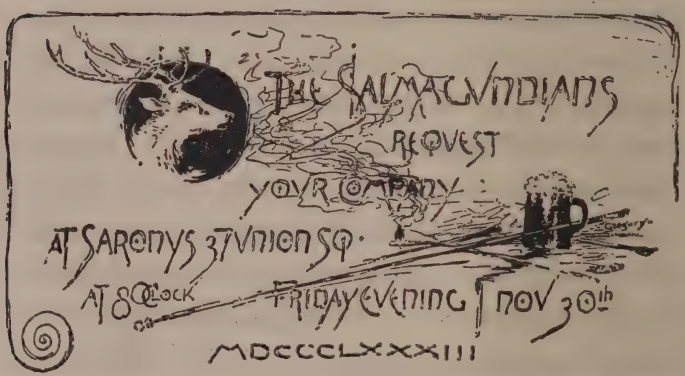
The magazine publishers had taken a lively interest in these black and white exhibitions from

the first, the "Century," "Harper's," and "Scribner's" being always represented by a large number of their best drawings, framed and exhibited by themselves. One year at the Academy there was a particularly fine collection sent over by the London "Graphic," consisting of the drawings of C. Green, Hubert Herkomer, Luke Fildes, Frank Holl, A. B. Houghton, and others who were the leading English illustrators. By this means the public was able to meet face to face, as old friends, the original drawings with which they were already familiar through smaller engravings in the magazines and illustrated papers.

The Exhibition of 1880 was especially interesting by reason of a number of cases illustrating the various methods contributing to the reproduction of these drawings. In Case A were all the tools of a wood engraver with underlays and everything to show how a fine woodcut was printed for the magazines. Case B contained copper plates in various states of preparation for the needle, etching tools, and proofs arranged by Charles Volkmar. Case C illustrated the method of producing a lithograph, and was equipped by E. A. Thomas, and Case D was an exhibit of their new process by the Photo Engraving Company of 67 Park Place.

It is interesting, in retrospect, to note the fact that the innocent exhibit in Case D contained the seed of the downfall of these very exhibitions. At first the drawings in black and white had sold at good prices, but year after year, as the methods of reproduction were perfected, the sales diminished, and when the art of photogravure made it possible to sell copies in black and white of the finest paintings at a price for which original drawings could not be made, the exhibitions were no longer possible.

Another exhibit in that year was a fireplace designed and executed by the club in Limoges tiles, under the direction of Charles Volkmar. The work was done in the Punch and Judy room at 896 Broadway. It was the maiden effort of the Salmagundi Club in crockery painting.



CHAPTER IV

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLASS BECOMES A CLUB

During the exhibition period the membership of the organization had doubled, increasing from thirty-one to sixty-five, which was a natural result in a society earnestly engaged in a public work. When, however, the exhibition of 1887 closed its doors, the mission of the Salmagundi was at an end. It had existed as Sketch Class and Black and White Society for sixteen years. Its membership had been strictly a professional one, but was largely outside the virile element that was shaping the future of American art.

By this time the early custom of illustrating a subject had gradually gone out of vogue under the stress of work entailed upon the members during the exhibition period. Unsuccessful attempts were periodically made to revive that original and pleasant feature. When the exhibitions also came to an end, there seemed to be nothing else for the Salmagundians to do but to become a club on social lines. So in January, 1888, after a period

of three months of house-hunting by committees, a floor was taken at 123 Fifth Avenue.

During those three months of agitation and special meetings a great number of locations were considered. Dr. White, of the Berkeley Lyceum, offered a large hall for the monthly meeting of the club.

A proposal came from Manager Sedelmayer, who was then exhibiting Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate" at the Tabernacle on Twenty-third Street, to rent to the club the space behind the canvas. This space was the great stage, which had been prepared for the Passion Play, to have been brought from Oberammergau, and it was the back part of the stage that the club was offered on condition that the members should abstain from smoking.

George W. Maynard was president of the club at this time, having succeeded the long presidency of Joseph Hartley, and H. W. Ranger was vice-president. Mr. Ranger was a persistent advocate of keeping the club Bohemian and took the floor on every opportunity to oppose any movement in the direction of what he called "boiled shirts and silk stockings." If the club had any well-defined ambition it was to be the art club of New York.

It had no rival in sight, but it had been conceived in Bohemia and certain influences that had controlled its policy from the beginning seemed determined to keep it there.

The transition from a working society to a social club, marked by the opening of the new quarters at 123 Fifth Avenue, was a first-class event in the history of the organization. It was celebrated by a house-warming of the good old-fashioned sort, at which H. W. Ranger was master of ceremonies. The festivities began on the evening of the 13th of January and the following account of what took place was published in the New York "Sun" the next morning. If a little exaggerated in its statements, it evidently reeks with the atmosphere of the occasion:

"Smoke was pouring out of all the doors of the second story of 123 Fifth Avenue in such volumes last night that had the street windows been open there would have been an alarm of fire. But it was all from cigars and pipes — the first pipes seen on Fifth Avenue. There was, also, the first beer-keg ever introduced into a Fifth Avenue domicile. It stood at the head of the stairs until it was wanted and then it rolled into the front-

hall room and emptied itself into a hundred stone mugs. These were the outward and visible signs of the house-warming of the Salmagundi Club which had removed in December from its small quarters on Washington Square to this big and stylish building.

"Almost every inch of the new quarters was decorated, and it would amuse a millionaire to see what far prettier effects true artists caught with a few bits of colored muslin and a number of unframed pictures than money or the most elaborate efforts can reach. A fish net over one doorway and a few yards of red calico, caught up and decked with a brass cuspidor in the middle, over another arch, transformed rude rooms into bowers of taste. Just as simple and peculiar were all the decorations, and yet the rooms were as attractive as the saloons of a palace.

"Everybody in the art world was there, for though half the Salmagundi Club opposed the idea of branching out in Fifth Avenue, all now think the idea was excellent. Every member smoked a cigarette an inch thick and nine inches long, drank out of those mugs, and ate Roquefort cheese, sausages, pickles, olives, and sandwiches.

"Among those who were present were Mr. Perry, of 'Scribner's'; Mr. A. W. Drake and Mr. Fraser, of the 'Century'; E. W. Kemble the character artist, who misses his train whenever he runs across a queer character worth sketching in the street; George Fawcett Rowe, the actor and playwright; J. C. Johnston, of the Bowery; Mr. Ritchie, the steel engraver and chief wit of the club; H. W. Ranger, the master of ceremonies last night, and at other times a landscape painter; Charles Volkmar, the landscape painter, and his confrère, Bruce Crane; Joseph Lauber, the secretary; George Inness, Jr.; C. Jay Taylor, of 'Puck,' whose society sketches include the best tailor-made girls in town; Charles Graham, the scenic artist of 'Harper's'; Thulstrup, the soldier draughtsman of the same establishment; John Durkin, the all-round draughtsman; and many more than a hundred others."

According to the "Sun" —

"By far the best fun of the evening was afforded by a trio of the wildest red Indians that ever came to town. They performed the scalp-dance, medicine act, and the Indian visit, and the parts of them that were not naked and smeared with paint were hung with the most showy Indian bric-

à-brac and costumes that Sarony has been able to collect in a dozen years. The Chief 'Not Afraid of Fire Water' was portrayed by Charles Graham, the young brave 'Dancing Bull' was E. W. Kemble, and the dusky squaw, 'Laughing Bourbon' was John Durkin. They made the whole club roar with laughter. After that, it was rumored that Walter Pelham, of the Savage Club, London, knew a lot of funny stories. He achieved a tremendous reputation as a story collector, but towards morning it was noticed that whenever he was called upon for a story, he remarked that he 'knew a jolly lot,' but that 'Barnard can tell them better than I.' F. E. Barnard, therefore, told all of Pelham's stories — the same droll Barnard whose fame rests on his illustrations of Dickens's and Thackeray's characters."

In the fall of 1888 the club shifted its quarters into the adjoining building, 121 Fifth Avenue, adopting the Wallace Restaurant, which was on the ground floor, as the restaurant of the club. The regular dinner, which was a dollar to other patrons, was seventy-five cents to members of the club, who were seldom seen at the Wallace tables.

One advantage of these frequent moves was

the numerous opportunities for house-warmings which were attended with high-jinks of the Latin Quarter order and of the sort that poor students with abundant skill in decoration knew how to make attractive. However humble the rooms a few soft-toned draperies from the studios, an antique lamp, a rug for a note of color made any interior charming. If a brass cuspidor fitted into the tone of a piece of old tapestry better than a Benares plaque, up went the cuspidor. After the house-warmings came receptions and smokers extending far into the small hours, when the vaudeville programme began with members and continued with the stunts of actors who dropped in after the theater.

It was at 121 Fifth Avenue that a reception and supper were given to Ned Abbey on one of his returns from London, when he was supported by F. Hopkinson Smith and Stanley Reinhart. He was supported only in the sense of encouragement to make his after-dinner speech, an ordeal through which he could smile gracefully, but one of which he had a peculiar dread.

The Abbey reception was on the evening of the 17th of January, 1890, and the following is from the New York "World" in its morning issue:

"There was a large and merry gathering of artists and patrons and lovers of art at the rooms of the Salmagundi Club, No. 121 Fifth Avenue, last evening, assembled by invitation of the club to meet and greet the artist Edwin A. Abbey, who recently returned from abroad after a long stay.

"The walls of the club parlor were hung with sketches in black and white, mostly of a humorous nature, especially executed in honor of the occasion. Those which excited the most merriment were a travesty on the 'Angelus' by W. H. Shelton, and a clever imitation of Turner, done in oil on a round panel by Thomas Moran. The Angelus travesty depicted the peasants both smoking, real patches sewn on the man's garments, real potato skins in the basket, and a real safety pin fastening the woman's skirt. The inscription on the Turner read, 'Bought by an American millionaire from a needy English Duke for $291,000.75, painted by Jim Jam M. W. Turner.'"

The "New York Herald" said: "Among the entertainment features were capital recitations by E. W. Kemble and Mr. Varnum, and piano solos by Messrs. Edgar S. Kelly and Wallace Sawyer. A hand organ with its natural guardian was a feature, and Alexander Schilling, in the ab-

sence of Mayor Grant, ground music out of it during a tour of the room, while E. W. Kemble acted as monkey and J. W. Champney as his guardian."

Mr. Abbey had been made an honorary member of the club in 1884. No special reason for this action appears in the record, but it was apparently a cordial appreciation of his genius, which had been universally conceded among the artists almost from his first appearance at "Harper's." Only the year before this reception the club in its Annual Black and White Exhibition had exhibited his original drawings, seventy-one in number, for Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." The collection occupied an entire gallery. Every member of the club felt a personal pride in his success, and some of us knew his methods through watching him at his easel, which never in the least disconcerted him.

I think it was after my return from spending the summer of 1879 with the Reinharts at Greenwich, Connecticut, that I was invited to take Abbey's place in the studio, which he was leaving for more spacious and handsomer quarters in the old University Building in Washington Square.

The big, three-part studio he was leaving, on the upper floor of the old National Academy

Building in Thirteenth Street, when occupied by Abbey, Reinhart, and Bleecker Mitchill, was divided along the front into three window-stalls after the style of the draughtsmen's room at "Harper's." Reinhart occupied the west or left-hand stall, as one entered the door, and Abbey occupied the east stall, with Bleecker Mitchill in the stall between. Mitchill was a man of independent means, who painted very well and who was devoted to Reinhart. He loved above all things to tinker the locks or do little jobs of carpentering. Abbey left a carved oak table behind, which I bought from him. This table had had sections of its four legs sawed off on some occasion of moving, but the table remained movable and usable probably through some deft joiner work of Bleecker Mitchill.

Abbey often dropped in to see us, for he was a social soul if ever there was one, and he found it lonely in his big studio, with the great cathedral window looking into space. He felt lost in its vastness, and homesick for the company he had left.

I remember how he happened in one evening when I was going to a wooden wedding. My present was to be an animated tree with one little

fruit hanging from a limb, representing the only daughter of the house, and as the time grew short I had got nervous over the little lady's face. With Abbey's help it was soon made satisfactory and we put it into its frame.

At the back of this studio of three stalls there was a great space for easel work and for posing models. It was no unusual thing, of a morning, for Ned Abbey to burst in, smiling through his white teeth, with his working kit under his arm and his model behind him, in search of a social atmosphere. He would borrow an easel (he would borrow anything or lend anything) and if the morning was cold he would select a place close to the tall coal stove, where he could get the light from Reinhart's window. The open space was more or less crowded with spinning-wheels, hair trunks studded with brass nails, and band-boxes covered with ancient wall-paper. Studio properties were never much in Abbey's way, for he was so near-sighted that he posed his model, as one might say, at the end of his mahlstick. If he needed extra space for anything it was for the breakdown in which he frequently indulged while his model rested, and it was not required that the drawing should be perfectly satisfactory to impel

the dance. The gray French paper he worked on was usually swollen into hills and valleys from the freedom of his washes, and in the long waits, while the paper straightened into form, he divided his time between chaffing his model and chaffing his friend Reinhart, who was drawing on boxwood in his stall.

On the 1st of May, 1890, the club moved to the parlor floor of the dwelling-house at 49 West Twenty-second Street, where it remained for two years. The rent was twelve hundred dollars and the rooms were three in number, a large rear parlor used as a meeting-room, a middle room which was the entrance room from the hall and used as a card-room, and a small front room which was used as a reading-room and library. F. K. M. Rehn was the chairman of the house committee and made the first purchase of furniture for the club, some of which, the oak chairs and settees, are still in use in 1918. A social meeting was called for May 9, to get together as many as possible of the members to see the new quarters, but the grand house-warming was deferred until fall. That event took place on the evening of Friday, November 21, and the guests were bidden on a

INVITATION TO HOUSE WARMING

pictured card drawn by Frank Green, showing a punch-bowl and pipes and a boy in short clothes bowing them welcome to "A house warming to ye profession only, at club house, &c." The next morning nearly all the papers described the festivities.

The following is from the "Herald":

"The new and most attractive rooms at 49 West 22d Street of the flourishing organization of artists, the Salmagundi Club, were crowded last evening at a 'Goode olde house warming to the profession only.' It was chiefly a social affair in which pipes and beer played principal parts, but there were also some loaned art works in addition to those usually in the club and a much-enjoyed musical and literary entertainment.

"Among those who sang were Messrs. Harry Pepper and Victor Daugon. Messrs. Charles Battell Loomis, Rutherford Ashleigh, and John E. Ince recited. Mr. Mannes played on the violin and his string quartet were also heard, as was the Mandolin Club."

The "World" added the statement: "It was early in the morning hours before the house was voted to be sufficiently warmed."

To give a dinner at that time was altogether

out of the common, for it had to be served by a caterer from outside and the problem was difficult. A year later on Friday, November 20, 1891, a dinner was announced to be served in the club quarters, in the following words:

"Dear Sir: On Friday evening, November 20th, it is proposed to have a dinner at the club-rooms for members only ["and friends" was written in]. Should you wish to be present a place at table will be assigned to you on payment of One Dollar to the steward Mr. Hugo Brown, at the club-rooms or to any member of the committee, not later than Saturday evening, November 14th. Dinner will be served at seven o'clock.

"Hoping to have the pleasure of your company,

"Yours truly

"H. P. Smith, *Chairman*
"W. H. Shelton,
"A. C. Morgan,
"H. W. Ranger,
"W. H. Drake,
"C. E. Proctor,
} *Committee.*"

This is the first mention to be found of Hugo Braun or Brown, who was the first steward of the club. He probably began his service during the second summer at No. 49. In an old book of bar

accounts for 1891, his handwriting appears in June of that year.

In May, 1892, the club leased the second floor of the building at 40 West Twenty-second Street at an annual rental of fifteen hundred dollars. The lease was for two years with privilege of renewal for two years at same rate. It may be mentioned here that the rent of the floor at 123 Fifth Avenue had been nine hundred dollars, at 121, over Wallace's restaurant, fifteen hundred dollars, and on the north side of Twenty-second Street, twelve hundred dollars.

At that time the club kept but one employee, and during the entire period, nearly five years in Twenty-second Street, the steward was the before-mentioned Hugo Brown. He enjoyed and deserved the fullest confidence of the members. That he had seen better days was evident, and it was believed that he had left the German army and his home country through having declined to fight or in some way avoided a duel. Whatever the trouble may have been, he brooded over it until, together with his zealous and faithful services as steward, which left him alone during the long days, it affected his mind. He resigned his position as the club was moving to the Twelfth

Street house and in the following October he committed suicide.

The floor at No. 40 was divided by screens or light boarding into three rooms. In front was the reading-room with shelves for the growing library, and at the back the exhibition and meeting-room, and between them the billiard-room and the buffet that served as a bar, and along its side a narrow recess for coats.

And now we come to the grand pipe-dream of the Salmagundi Club which was dreamed in the club quarters at No. 40 West Twenty-second Street, in the year 1893, which was the year of the great World's Fair at Chicago. The dream was no less than a plan for the club to go to Chicago by Concord coaches to Albany, by packet-boat through the canal to Buffalo, thence our boat to be towed through the Lakes, and tied up in the lagoon on the Exposition grounds and used by the club as a private hotel and, at the same time, to be an important exhibit in the Department of Transportation of the State of New York. The packet-boat was to be the Seneca Chief, the first passenger boat that went through the Erie Canal, and was to have been built by any angel that could be found.

The pipe-dreamer was the writer of this history, and the idea was laughed at at first and then so far adopted by the club that I was sent to Albany to look over the ground and, presumably, to see somebody. Before going to Albany, I provided myself with such endorsements as I could get. I was encouraged by Mr. Oliphant, the president of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and by Mr. Legrand Cannon, but Mr. Chauncey Depew said he had never heard of the Sālmagundi Club.

That was in the day of small things for the Salmagundi Club, but if an idea equally attractive and equally timely were conceived in the present condition of the club, the few thousand dollars needed to finance the scheme would be provided very promptly.

The newspapers were full of the project for a few days.

The following clipping seems to be from a Chicago paper:

"Chief Smith of the Transportation Exhibits Department, is in receipt of a letter from the Salmagundi Club of New York, an organization of artists, who desire to come to the Exposition by means of primitive modes of travel.

"They propose to go from New York City to Albany by means of the old-fashioned Concord coaches, traveling over the same identical route, horsed and tooled after the manner and on the same scheduled time of the old company. From Albany they will come on one of the old-fashioned packets of the Erie Canal. On reaching Buffalo they desire to forward the canal boat to Chicago, provided they can obtain a landing-place near the grounds of the Exposition, making it the headquarters of the club of artists while here. The boat they desire to enter as an exhibit of the Transportation Department. The question as to whether it can be properly provided for is now under consideration."

The following is from a New York paper:

"Here's a tip for the people who are going to visit Chicago, and incidentally the World's Fair, this summer. Don't go by rail. That's a hackneyed method of traveling. Go by way of the renaissance canal packet, if I may be permitted the expression. How can you do it? I'll tell you. That artistic institution of artistic institutions, the Salmagundi Club, has a great big scheme on hand by virtue of which you may travel by water

from New York to Chicago. Of course everybody has heard of the famous packet-boat, Seneca Chief, which was the first canal passenger boat to make the through trip on the Erie Canal in 1825. Well, the Salmagundi Club, at the suggestion of W. H. Shelton, the ex-warrior, artist, Century contributor, whist-player, and all-round good fellow, has set out to build a *fin-de-siècle* counterpart of the Seneca Chief, and run it from New York to Chicago during the progress of the World's Fair. The scheme will cost money, but the Salmagundi hopes to enlist the New York State World's Fair Commission in the enterprise and so secure the $4000 or $5000 necessary. It certainly should succeed, for the triumphant trip of the Seneca Chief marks an important epoch in American history. The passage of the packet boat was signaled by the discharge of twenty-five cannon, planted at intervals along the banks of the canal, and in one hour and twenty minutes after the packet left Buffalo, the announcement of the start had been volleyed away down to Sandy Hook. Surely the Salmagundi's project of restoring, as it were, the Seneca Chief is worthy of coöperation."

On the 12th of December, 1893, a reception was given at 40 West Twenty-second Street to Andres Zorn, the handsome and distinguished Swedish painter, and Josef Slavinski, the Polish pianist, just introduced to the American public by A. M. Palmer. Up to that time this was considered one of the most important artistic affairs given by the club. The enthusiasm ran so high that the distinguished guests were made honorary members of the club. Mr. Slavinski did not play, as that favor was reserved for paying audiences, but Miss Annie Wilkes, a skirt-dancer and high-kicker, made the evening sufficiently hilarious. A particularly full description of the evening's entertainment was published in the New Orleans "Picayune."

It was while the club was at 40 West Twenty-second Street, that Mr. Ranger, representing a discontented element in the Lotus Club, proposed to bring to the Salmagundi a considerable number of Lotus Club men, but the movement was contingent upon a division of offices between the old club members and the newcomers, and was coldly received.

The Lotus Club at that time was in its old quarters on the northeast corner of Twenty-sec-

ond Street and Fifth Avenue, and its weekly entertainments were hilarious bohemian affairs. The Salmagundians were among the guests and were sometimes conspicuous among the entertainers, for it was an open field where new talent was welcomed. The entertainment was above-stairs before twelve o'clock, but when the actors began to come in from the theaters, it was adjourned to the basement, where it continued until the small hours of the morning.

Ranger was for a long time the master of ceremonies and introduced the performers in a corduroy coat and usually spoke with a cigar hanging from his lips. We crowded about the stage and sat upon the stairs, tier above tier, and always, conspicuous in the background, was a well-known sculptor in a maudlin condition, quite too far gone to take any interest in the show.

There was one memorable night, when Charlie Graham and Kemble and Durkin gave their Indian performance in the old Lotus parlor. It was probably after their appearance in the same rôle at 121 Fifth Avenue, and the Salmagundians, knowing what was coming, sat in a state of tense expectation until the bells on Charlie Graham's legs indicated that the half-naked savages had hit

the stairway and in another moment, with war-whoops and drums and rattles, they burst into view and began the Indian dance.

One of the last festivities of the Salmagundians, before leaving Twenty-second Street, was a dinner at an Italian restaurant, on which occasion Mr. Lawrence, the president of the Lotus Club, was present.

The following account of the dinner is from the New York "Sun" of April 21, 1895, and is entitled, "An Artistic Revelry with a Nickel-in-the-Slot Innovation":

"The Salmagundi Club, which holds continuous symposiums in its rooms in Twenty-second Street, having been informed by its Entertainment Committee that what it most wanted was a dinner, sat down in Sangheri's, in East Twenty-second Street, on Friday night, to a sort of banquet. The meeting broke up yesterday morning. True to their bohemian habit, the club members turned out in large numbers, the dining-room was crowded, and a novelty was introduced in the nature of a nickel-in-the-slot waiter, who went about in white apron and weighed each member, collecting individually and accordingly from each man on the premises and while he

waited. This procedure made bookkeeping unnecessary.

"Thomas Moran, president of the club, presided, and speeches were made by W. Lewis Fraser, F. S. Church, J. H. Dolph, Charles Baker, T. S. Steele of Hartford, Fred Bartlet, A. T. Van Laer, C. C. Ruthrauff, William T. Evans, and W. H. Drake. Felix Morris, the accomplished actor, made several recitations, and Mr. Senecal played upon the piano, very greatly to the delight of the company.

"The affairs of the club were discussed by several gentlemen of various opinions as to the best methods of continuing the exhibitions and its influence as the one artist's club in New York.

"Among those present were Mr. Charles Walker, of the Boston Art Club; Mr. J. Francis Murphy; Mr. J. A. Thompson; Mr. Lawrence, of the Lotus Club; Mr. J. Scott Hartley; Mr. George H. McCord; Mr. E. J. Dressler; Mr. Charles Proctor; Mr. De Scott Evans; Captain Stivers; Mr. O. H. von Gottschalck; Mr. George F. Kerr; Mr. William C. Fitler; Mr. E. L. Durand; and Mr. Bernheim."

As will be seen from the foregoing newspaper notice, the New York dailies were very attentive

to the movements of the Salmagundi Club, partly because of its activity in art matters, and partly because the press seemed to regard the club as a sort of bohemian morsel that it loved to turn over in its journalistic maw and upon which it never tired of regaling itself.

The Salmagundi Club was only an obscure wanderer in the great club world of New York, and up to the time of leaving Twenty-second Street, it had been but a one-floor club. The comforts and privileges that it afforded to its members were limited. Its members could drink and smoke at home, but when it dined it adjourned to a French or an Italian table-d'hôte restaurant, where the red wine or the chianti was of good repute and where a room could be reserved for a certain amount of hilarious privacy. It is true that there were some dinners served at home, by a caterer from without, who brought his waiters and a plate-warmer, which were remembered for their coldness.

At 121 and 123 Fifth Avenue the rooms of the club were little used except on Friday which was the club night. At 49 West Twenty-second Street the rooms were simply furnished, but furnished for the first time, and a billiard-table was added

to the attractions of the club, and finally a steward appeared to look after the place and keep the accounts.

At No. 40 there was an increase of members and an increase of comforts, but it was still a one-floor and a one-servant club.

CHAPTER V

FOURTEEN WEST TWELFTH STREET

There is a house not far from ways of trade
Where artist fellows oft do congregate,
And some few scribblers by their muse betrayed,
And sons of guns with music in their pate,
With others more substantial and sedate,
Who buy the stuff the artist fellows paint
(The fair pot-boiler sketch which bears no date),
Who make no grim grimace, no sad complaint,
Although the plug is tough and twice the market rate.

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS

THE neighborhood of Washington Square and the quiet streets above it lined with their substantial houses of hospitable vestibules and gleaming brasses, seemed to exercise an unconscious attraction for the Salmagundi Club. During a number of years it had quarters in the old University Building and in the Benedict, looking out on the square itself, and in all its migrations it was circling about the region of its destiny like a restless bird, lighting here and there before nesting.

At the time of the removal from Twenty-second Street to 14 West Twelfth Street, Thomas Moran was president of the club, Joseph Hartley was treasurer, and Robert Minor was recording

House Front, 14 *West* 12*th Street*

FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

secretary. The house was the city home of John Rogers, famous for the groups of historical figures known as "Rogers Groups," or "Rogers Statuettes." These particular sculptures, the figures about half life-size in plaster, usually painted a drab color, had enjoyed great popularity before and during the Civil War and in the years immediately following. The "groups" had great vogue as wedding presents and stand to-day in many a darkened parlor throughout the land, as monuments to the founding of families.

At the March meeting, 1895, a committee had been appointed to secure new quarters for the club. A committee of three had already been looking about without success, and that committee was now increased to five members. In the order named in the minutes, they were Cheever Goodwin, Herbert Levy, R. M. Shurtleff, Lewis Fraser, and Joseph A. Thompson. At the April meeting this committee reported progress and recommended "a part of a house in Tenth Street lately occupied by Mr. Lanthier."

On the 1st of May the Salmagundi Club took possession of the house at 14 West Twelfth Street, which for more than twenty years continued to be its home. The studio at the back of the lot and

parts of the house were crowded with designs in plaster for the familiar statuettes; the first conceptions of such groups as Lincoln striking the fetters from the slave, or Henry Ward Beecher and the slave girl, rudely suggested in tiny figures of clay, cracked and covered with the dust of years, stood about on shelves and barrel heads or lay shattered on the floor. It was pathetic to see the aged sculptor standing among the débris of his life-work, his hands that had wrought so much shaking with palsy. There were more ambitious works, intended to follow the "groups," notably two equestrian statues, half life-size, of Sherman and Sheridan, which for years rested above two of the cases in the library.

On May 3, at the monthly meeting it is recorded:

"The House Committee gave an account of the rental of New Quarters in 12th Street.

"Mr. Baker moved a vote of thanks to Messrs. Shurtleff, the Site & Ex. Committees, and Mr. Craig for services rendered in securing new quarters."

Mr. Shurtleff was evidently the chairman of the committee and Mr. Thomas Craig may have called the attention of the committee to the house.

BILLIARD-ROOM, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

Mr. Rogers wished to retire to his country house at New Canaan, Connecticut, and the house, 14 West Twelfth Street, was secured by the club at an annual rental of two thousand dollars.

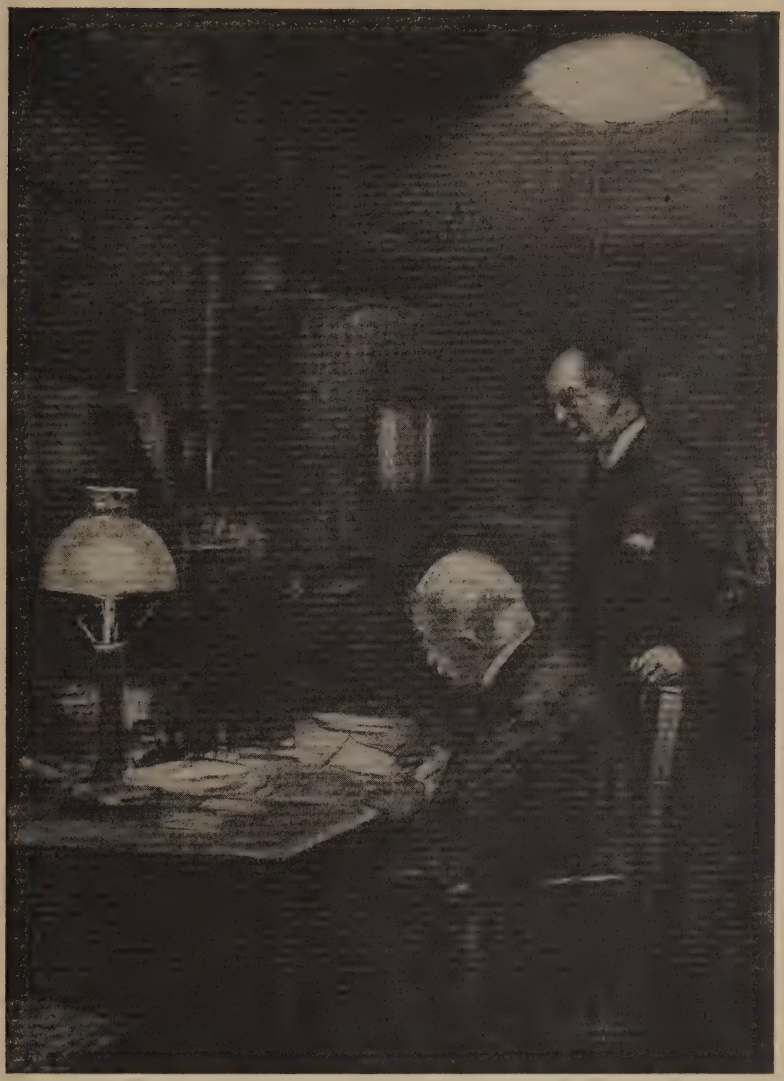
During the time of its prosperity the house had been remodeled for the exhibition and sale of the famous groups. The house then extended as far back as the present wall of the upper stories and included the tier of rooms below, now defined by the girder that crosses midway of the grill-room. The studio stood sixteen feet back of the house. It was a brick structure covering the exact area of what was later the billiard-room, lighted by a glass roof and entered by a door at the middle of its front. The wide section of the grill-room had been the family kitchen, and under that was the laundry with stationary tubs and opening on the yard by stone steps under the usual sloping cellar door.

Outside the back hall door was what remained of a rope and pulley elevator which at some time had landed its invalid passenger at the door of the card-room, a door which had been opened for that purpose. The big office window was a show window for the statuettes. The stairway

had been removed from the hall in the interest of the business and a line of screens divided it into two halls, one for family use, and the other, along the west wall, led to the studio. It had its own vestibule door, by which a horse, when a horse was needed for a model, could be led in along the marble floor. The parlor had a line of low bookcases against the west wall, the bar had been the butler's pantry, and the "red room" the family dining-room, with two windows looking south over the Rogers Studio. The library was divided by a low partition into two bedrooms, and this was the house as we found it.

An entry in the minutes of the executive committee reads: "Mr. Hartley was empowered to engage Mr. Andrew Christopher and his wife as janitors." The club needed several servants, but as it could afford only one it was as well to begin with a janitor and his unpaid assistant. The other member of the Christopher family was a fox terrier of objectionable habits.

Andrew was a surly Swedish sailor, who opened the door in his shirt-sleeves and frightened timid members away. Ashore he was a carpenter, which accounts for his engagement, and it was Andrew who removed the low bookcases from the



OFFICE, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

parlor and the diamond-glazed cupboards from the pantry to the library. It was also Andrew who built the covered passage to the studio. This passage was built along Mr. Crane's fence and along the wall of the studio to the studio door. It was built of unplaned boards; the cracks and knot-holes in the boards and the cracks in Mr. Crane's fence were battened with strips of lath over ragged bits of oilcloth and the roof was covered with tarred paper. It was a rude passage down an inclined plane and very cold in the winter.

The sailor and his family lived in the kitchen or as Andrew called it the galley, and occupied the two back bedrooms on the fourth floor, one for a bunk and the other for a cabin. In the summer instead of going aloft they preferred to sleep on the bathtubs in the hold of the ship. There was a hatchway leading up to the bar and when Andrew's ship-mates were in port grog was free. And this was the Salmagundi Club and not the Yacht Club.

Mr. Joseph A. Thompson, the corresponding secretary, rented from the club the room that was later the card-room, and after a time one servant was added to the meager staff, in the

person of "Old Baker," a fine type of the obsequious Virginia house-servant, who knew a gentleman when he saw one, and who must have had his opinion of Andrew. Baker's position was that of hall-boy and dog-chaser.

During Andrew's time breakfast was served in the room which was later the office. It was furnished with an extension table and wooden chairs. A faded linen shade hung awry in the front window which a reporter for the "Sun" had taken the liberty to publish to the world as a "shirt-tail." The floor of this room was usually ornamented, along the baseboard, with crusts of bread and scraps of paper, gray with dust. This was the first meal service in the history of the club, and it had a humble beginning, the more so as it was served by Andrew for Andrew. The basement of the house at this time was unused except for the storage of coal, and the ice and all other supplies were delivered through the front hall.

Notwithstanding the limited service and the other humble beginnings some of the artist members were very enthusiastic and very active in the decoration of the house. To this end a bond issue was authorized on the seventh day in the new house in the following words:

GALLERY, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

"Salmagundi Club
"14 West 12th St.

"DEAR SIR:

"Now that we have moved to our new house we find it necessary to raise some money for the general purposes of the Club and the Executive Committee have authorized the issue of Bonds to the amount of Two Thousand Dollars, payable in five years, with interest at the rate of four per cent per annum. One fifth of the Two Thousand to be redeemed each year. They will be issued in sums of Ten Dollars and multiples of that amount as may be desired.

"You are asked to subscribe to this loan, and our Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Hartley, 265 Canal Street, will send you Bonds on receipt of money.

"JOSEPH A. THOMPSON, Secy.

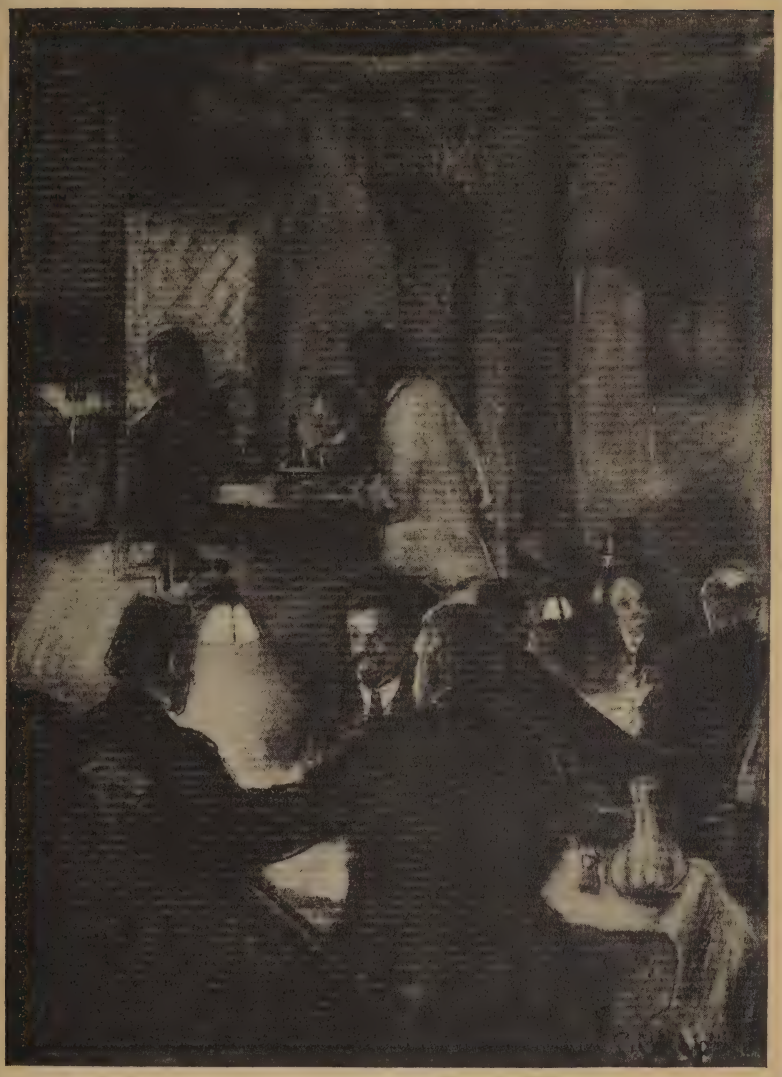
"New York, May 7th, 1895."

Charles A. Proctor, Frank Green, Bruce Crane, and Will Drake treated the great parlor and the Rogers Studio with colored burlaps, making the latter room available for the exhibition of pictures and for the official meetings of the club.

With the first warm weather of 1896, his second summer with the club, our sailor-steward be-

gan to pine for the sea, and he was given a leave of absence of six weeks to visit Sweden. Andrew continued to be the steward until 1897, remaining long enough to divide with Baker the first Christmas fund for the servants in the history of the club, one hundred dollars, which was really a New Year's gift for 1897. Andrew left some time during the summer of that year. The date of his departure was selected by the dog. That important member of the family, which was held to fill the place of a child that was dead, had been condemned by the chairman of the house committee to a life belowstairs. That order was so far disregarded that the dog was disguised in swaddling clothes and carried upstairs to bed at night. This so offended the chairman of the house committee that the offending dog was ordered removed from the house altogether.

Soon thereafter there came a morning when, for good and sufficient reason, the librarian hastened to the Grand Union Hotel, and the Grand Union Hotel — "The Grand Union Hotel" stands for Sam Shaw — asked Andrew Christopher, over the telephone, when he proposed to remove his dog from the house occupied by the Salmagundi Club, at 14 West Twelfth Street



GLIMPSE OF GRILL-ROOM FROM BILLIARD-ROOM

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

in the City of New York, to which Andrew replied, "Never." Whether Andrew had been splicing the main brace or whether he was in one of his surly moods, his curt reply stung the chairman of the house committee to action, and with the librarian he hurried to the treasurer in Canal Street to learn the exact terms under which Andrew had shipped. An hour later Andrew's wife, followed by the dog in disgrace, opened the door in tears, and from that day the club was without a steward. Andrew disappeared over the rail with his dunnage, leaving Baker in command of the ship.

We must have been without a steward for some time after the painter members returned from their summer work, for it was in December, 1897, when the second steward, Emil Mehl, and his wife came to the club, and it was during his stewardship that the real renaissance of the club began. Emil's father was a retired chef, who had once ruled the kitchen of the Brevoort House. Twice a month he came up from his retreat on Long Island and cooked a dinner for the Salmagundi Club. The dinner was cooked in the laundry, brought across the yard by the waiters, and served in the Rogers Studio. The first of these

dinners took place on January 25, 1898. It had been announced by a circular on January 18 that a design had been accepted for a tiled fireplace in the "smoking-room" and that a dinner would take place on January 25 at which tiles would be painted. The design for the fireplace was by Arthur Blackmore and William C. Ostrander. At this time the club had its own potter, the late Charles Volkmar, who had taught us etchings in the old days, and the tiles were burned under a heavy glaze. They were of a uniform size, four inches square, and the variety of design was secured by massing tiles for the central and flanking pictures. The single tiles for borders and for filling in around the designs were many of them painted at this opening dinner. The large central picture below the mantelpiece was a Dutch landscape by A. T. Van Laer, and the upright panels at the sides of the fireplace were single figures by Paul Dessar and I. H. Josephi, each three tiles wide by eight tiles high, and the central design, by Van Laer, was irregular in form on forty tiles. Flanking this center design was a group of Dutch fishing boats by Will H. Drake on sixteen tiles and a Dutch landscape by J. J. Redmond. There were small portraits of Inness and Wyant. The

mottoes and the lettering were by Thomson Willing, who afterwards completed the decoration of the room, which was always known as the "Red Room," from its original Japanese wall-paper and from the same color prevailing elsewhere.

At these dinners decorated souvenirs of the occasion, autographed by all the diners, were sold at auction, the proceeds to be applied to the fitting-up of the club. Some of these souvenirs were very elaborate in design and finish, and for one of these Mr. Clarkson Cowl paid one hundred and seventy-five dollars. At about this time, also, Mr. Cowl donated seventy-five dollars for the oak grill in the office window and for curtains to take the place of the disreputable shades.

It was at these dinners that Bruce Crane began his career as the club's auctioneer, and the enthusiasm was so great that articles were sold at unreasonable prices and then returned to be sold again. On one occasion a ten-dollar gold-piece was sold for twenty dollars and then sent back to the auctioneer for another trial of his skill. At this time the initiation fee was suspended and the membership increased rapidly. At one period of the dinners in the old studio it was customary for the artists to bring sketches which were displayed

on the walls and were afterwards divided by lot among the contributors. An artist-contributor who brought a guest often allowed his guest to draw in his stead. It soon became a custom to vote on the merits of the sketches, or, as they often were, finished pictures, the one receiving the highest number of votes becoming the property of the club. Some of these pictures are still on the walls, as a landscape by Fitler and a horse and cart, by Frank Green.

Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, who was then the chairman of the house committee, established a cocktail closet in the corner of the room, the revenue from which, more substantial than the revenue of Cockchafers, Locusts, and Periwinkles of the original Lairdship of Salmagundin, was devoted to framing the successful pictures, by which action the chairman of the house committee outdid Panurge, the eccentric hero of Rabelais.

On January 24, 1898, the decoration of the front hall was authorized by the executive committee. This plan of decoration contemplated a dado of paintings, twenty inches in depth, set in a framework of ebonized wood and extending around the walls of this rectangular room. These paintings, on the eve of their removal to the new

HALL, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

house, after nearly twenty years in their present setting, deserve at least an enumeration. They were painted on mahogany panels and varied in width, the smaller uprights being sixteen inches wide and the larger ones thirty inches. They were in the best manner of the artists represented. The large panels were by J. Francis Murphy, F. K. M. Rehn, Robert Minor, R. M. Shurtleff, Bolton Jones, Frank Green, Frederick Naegele, George H. McCord, Thomas Craig, Henry Mosler, and James Tyler.

The smaller panels are signed by W. C. Fitler, William Verplanck Birney, A. T. Van Laer, Frank Jones, Paul Moran, De Scott Evans, Carl J. Blenner, Herbert Morgan, W. H. Shelton, Charles E. Proctor, J. N. Marble, Henry P. Smith, L. C. Earle, William H. Howe, and De Cost Smith.

Following the decoration of the hall the enthusiasm for painting panels sought expression on all available walls. The front of the bar, under the central dome of the stairway, was laid out in thirteen panels, which were enriched with paintings by members, some of whom are no longer with us. There was a fine landscape by Julian Rix, a cat by Dolph, a marine by Charles Baker, sheep in a stable-yard by Paul Dessar, early sky-

scrapers by Homer Lee, Dutch boats by A. C. Morgan, a floral piece by William C. Ostrander, water-lilies by Thomson Willing, a landscape by H. C. Nichols, and figures by Edward Pothast, Rudolph Bunner, George Inness, Jr., and H. M. Waltman.

The east wall of the reception-room, later used as an office, was decorated in panels only a few of which remain. There was a snowy road by Bruce Crane, an Indian head by Irving Couse, and a handsome miniature by I. H. Josephi.

A number of the most valuable pictures owned by the club came as gift-prizes through the generosity of two members, George Inness, Jr., and Alexander C. Morgan. Mr. Inness's prize was five hundred dollars for the best painting shown in the Annual Oil Exhibition, the work so honored to become the property of the club. The twilight landscape by Frank de Haven, the view in Bruges, by Charles Warren Eaton, the lady drinking tea by Alfred H. Maurer and the great copper by Emile Carlsen, are the gifts under the Inness Prize. The Morgan Prize was one hundred and fifty dollars, for the best water-color in the Annual Water-Color Exhibition, the picture to go to the club on the same terms. The Morgan

prizes are the interior by Arthur J. Keller, the snow scene by Leonard Ochtman, and the marine by Albert Groll.

While these improvements were going on, the club was still without a restaurant. The old Rogers dining-room was a sort of garage for the baby-carriages of the steward, who had a growing family. The club was dining in its own house but twice a month. This condition was improved upon a little by Mr. Lewis Fraser, who provided for a weekly supper, known at the time by the original, and mildly satirical, name of the "Hungry Joe." A box with a narrow opening at the top like a ballot-box was fixed against the bulletin in the hall and each member who dropped a contribution into the "Hungry Joe" was entitled to a seat at the supper-table on Friday night. This, of course, was a late supper. Each member contributed according to his means, or his humor; it might be a bank-note or a nickel, but the amount was a secret. When the "Hungry Joe" was opened and the sum of money found therein was divided by the number of names also found, it could be determined whether the supper might be a welsh rabbit or a porterhouse steak. The "Hungry Joe" may have been suggested by a

custom that had prevailed briefly, years before, at 123 Fifth Avenue, when the club had no steward. To provide for beer at the weekly meeting, a cigar box with a slot for dimes was set up and abandoned when the suspender buttons outnumbered the dimes.

The club in its frequent removals from place to place had grown lax in its scrutiny of membership lists. Its doors stood too generously open and its easy-going hospitality had been taken advantage of. There were members carried on the roll, and who enjoyed such advantages as the club afforded, who had never paid a cent of initiation fee or annual dues, and a larger number who used the club when they chose, but who had long ceased to pay so much as a periwinkle for that privilege. The club was living up to its name as the worthy successor of the "Chatellenie de Salmigondin," whose revenue was cockchafers, periwinkles, and locusts. Like Panurge we were living jolly with no desire to be rich.

The preliminary work of establishing the club on a sound financial basis began with purging the roll of delinquent members. This was undertaken by the recording secretary in the spring of 1898 and continued for more than a year. Many

GRILL-ROOM, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

of these members could only be brought to book by the use of registered letters and by that means they were forced out or compelled to make a settlement.

After the second auction sale in April, 1899, at which the "sketches," as the pictures were then called, brought sixteen hundred and sixty-eight dollars, one half of which went to the club, one hundred dollars was given to the house committee towards fitting up a grill-room. A member of the committee mounted his wheel and found a man in Forty-second Street who agreed to put in a dumb waiter for the hundred dollars aforesaid. The dumb waiter was completed as it stands to-day, in the month of May, 1899, and during the summer was called "Shelton's folly." In the fall, following, the house committee, after much wrangling and discussion, asked the executive committee for an appropriation for a restaurant. This request was at first refused, but on October 25 an appropriation of one hundred and fifty dollars was made, which was increased on November 5 to two hundred and fifty.

In December the following notice was issued to members and posted in the club:

"A Grill-Room will be opened at the Salma-

gundi Club for the accommodation of members and their guests on Tuesday, December 11th, 1899.

"The services of a first-class cook have been secured and a fifty-cent dinner will be served from 6 to 8 o'clock and a twenty-five cent lunch from 12 o'clock M."

The grill-room, at that time, before the extension of the house, was the old Rogers kitchen, which had been very tastefully decorated by Mr. George M. Taylor, who was then chairman of the house committee. The ornamental brasses on the doors and the copper hood in the fireplace were designed and executed by him. The decoration of the card-room in ebonized wood, with brasses in original designs on the doors and the comfortable settles cushioned with leather and paneled above for paintings, is also to the credit of Mr. Taylor, as was the establishment of the office with a bookkeeper and with all the equipment of a modern club.

The grill-room was opened according to programme, but the first of the fifty-cent dinners was served on the 28th of December.

The first uniform worn by any servant of the club appeared on the small boy who opened the

door in March, 1899. It was a brown jacket with bell buttons and trousers of the same color.

In the summer of 1900 the quarters of the club were greatly enlarged by putting a second story on the old studio and connecting the new structure with the house. The studio where the semi-monthly dinners had been served while the enthusiasm for improvements had been at white heat became the billiard-room, connected through an archway with the extension of the grill-room. On the second floor the new gallery extended from the rear of the lot to the central staircase, absorbing the "Red Room," which had been the pride of the club. In this room the corners were rounded with four glazed doors, concave in form, which in the general scheme of decoration were an important feature. The upper half of these doors was treated with panel paintings representing the four seasons; "Spring," two female figures, by J. Allen St. John; "Summer," two nudes floating among the poppies, by F. Luis Mora; "Autumn" in Holland, by George M. Reevs; and "Winter," a Japanese figure the entire panel in dark blue, by Genjiro Yeto.

Much of the furniture had been made expressly for the "Red Room" after designs by Mr. Thom-

son Willing, and the completed scheme of decoration, including the aforesaid corner doors, the great tile fireplace, and the encircling shelf set with mugs of the same blue delft as the tiles, was finished and accepted with great satisfaction just as the new building plans called for the sacrifice of the much-admired room in the interest of the new gallery. When the south wall, with its two richly curtained windows looking across the roof of the old studio, was removed, the "Red Room" was a three-sided shell.

The improvements were made by the landlord, but the work was planned and directed by Mr. Frank Wallace, an architect member, who very generously gave his time and his talent to the construction, and the first autumn meeting of the club was held in the new gallery.

STAIRWAY, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

CHAPTER VI

THE LIBRARY

It was in the little front room at 49 West Twenty-second Street that the club library had its beginnings. A number of books seem to have been previously contributed by members, and the writer of this history had been in some way constituted librarian, but the books were not listed or numbered. In November, 1891, without any more definite date, the following circular was issued to members:

"49 West 22d St.
"November, 1891.

"Mr. ———

"Dear Sir:

"Near the close of the last Club season a movement was started to found a library for the Club. It is desired that each member shall contribute one or more books. Books on art subjects, or valuable for their illustrations, are preferred: but all good literature is acceptable. We have already over 100 volumes contributed by zealous members. We are also collecting and arranging

a series of catalogues of the various art organizations and will soon have bound a complete set of the catalogues of this Society. It is desirable that when a catalogue of the library shall be begun, it will be possible to credit to each donor his offerings. To that end pasters are prepared, which will be filled in with the name of donor, date of gift, etc., by the librarian. Hoping to enlist your interest and pride in the work, this circular is addressed to each member of the Club. Contributions may be sent to the librarian.

"By the House Committee
"W. H. SHELTON, Librarian"

The first book given to the club for a future library was entitled "Salmagundi, A Miscellaneous Collection of Original Poetry," and was the gift of William F. Round, on March 31, 1880. This was during the second period of the meetings at 896 Broadway and just ten years before the circular was issued for the start of a library. Mr. Round was not a member, but had been a guest of the club and contributed the book on account of the name.

The hundred books mentioned as already in the library are interesting as the nucleus of a li-

brary already famous. They were probably contributed at my request, and it is likely that I began by putting in a few books I had brought from home when I came to New York. These were, as I remember, three volumes of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," a "Life of Frémont," several stray volumes of the "Idler" and the "Tatler," and a bound copy of the "New York Mirror" for 1836, on the fly-leaf of which may be seen a penciled head of my father, made when I was a schoolboy. J. S. Hartley gave the "Encyclopædia Americana" in fourteen volumes. Alexander C. Morgan contributed four volumes of Macaulay's "History of England." Verplanck Birney gave a set of twelve volumes of the "Works of Schiller" in German, distinguished with the book-plate of Hamilton Fish. When the "paster," which was the first book-plate of the club, was put into use, the first volume of Schiller was No. 1 in the Salmagundi Library, but, later, the right of first place was conceded to the gift of Mr. Round, and the first volume of Schiller became No. 1a.

C. E. Proctor gave "Encyclopædia of Painters and Painting," four volumes; F. B. Schell, "Picturesque Canada," two volumes; Freddy Bartlet,

Dr. Lübke's "History of Art"; Franklin Tuttle, Tuckerman's "Book of the Artists"; Hamilton Gibson, his new book, "Sharp Eyes"; Miss Alice Dunleavy, a "History of Portugal" (1752); Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Howells's "Venetian Life," two volumes. There were such books as "Modern Billiards," "Cushing's Manual," "Pocket Hoyle," "Cavendish on Whist," and "Cattle and Dairy Farming." Probably the first hundred books mentioned in the circular were given precedence in the numbering. No. 101 is Spooner's "Anecdotes of Painters."

Mr. J. Sanford Saltus joined the club in the following year, and gave to the library his first contribution (No. 266 on the old accession list), Burton's "Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah." Mr. Saltus's activity in the library began after the removal to the Twelfth Street house. In the fall of 1898 he transferred to the club, from his own library, two hundred books and portfolios, among which was a small collection of curious old and black-letter books. Of these the oldest work is entitled "Commentaris Super Opera Diversorum Auctorum," etc., by Annius (J. Viterbensis), printed in double columns of Gothic and Roman letter, without pagination or catchwords, at

J. Sanford Saltus
In Court Costume of Edward VII
PORTRAIT BY GEORGE M. REEVS

Rome in the year 1498, by Euchorium Silber. A book printed in 1513, in Gothic text black letter, entitled "Baldi et Sanfranci," shows in a quaint woodcut on the title-page Mr. Baldus handing the Magnum Opus, which seems to be a digest of the laws of Burgundy, to Mr. Sanfrancus.

"The Secretes of the Reverend Maister Alexis of Piedmont, containyng excellente remedies against diverse diseases, woundes, &c," is "translated out of Frenche into Englishe by VVillyam VVarde," and printed in Gothic type for "Jhon VVight, London, 1580"; "A Treatise of the Sibyls, &c., particularly concerning the middle state of Souls, written Originally by David Blondel; Englished by J. D., London. Printed by T. R. for the Authour, and are to be sold by Thomas Dring, at the George in Fleet-street, near Cliffords-Inne, 1661."

"The Prognostications of Michael Nostradamus, Physician to Henry II., Francis II. and Charles IX., Kings of France, and one of the best Astronomers that ever were," London, 1672. These prophecies are in French verse followed by a literal English translation. In the Preface to the reader, M. Theophilus Garencières, the translator, makes the following amusing state-

ment: "This book (The Prognostications of Michael Nostradamus — one of the best astronomers that ever were) was the first after my Primmer wherein I did learn to read, it being then the Custom in France, about the year 1618, to initiate Children by that Book; First because of the crabbidness of the words; Secondly that they might be acquainted with the old and obsolete French, such as is now used in the English Law; and Thirdly for the delightfulness and variety of the matter, so that this Book (imp. octavo, pp. 522) in those days was printed every year like an Almanach, or a Primmer for Children."

Among these old books is a perfect copy of Topsell's Gesner's "The Historie of Four-footed Beastes," printed in London in 1607, fifty-one years older than the edition owned by the New York Public Library. The book-plate of Thomas Blyth, M.A., F.A.S., adorns the cover, and one can almost see the old gentleman gazing with awe on the scaly gorgon of the title-page or at the true picture of the Lamia on page 153, which shows the head and breasts of a woman on the body of a dog covered with scales, its forward feet terminating in claws and its hind feet being cleft hoofs.

LIBRARY MUGS

Left to right: Chauncey F. Ryder, Corwin Knapp Linson, F. K. M. Rehn

When the renaissance of the club began in 1898, with the semi-monthly dinners in the old Rogers Studio, the library shared in the forward movement. Since 1890, when a few books were brought together, for eight years William H. Shelton had been librarian by common consent. The office of librarian was not recognized in the constitution, and on February 1 of that year a motion was made so to change the constitution as to provide for the "appointment" of a librarian. At the following election the acting librarian was made a real librarian by an official ballot.

Soon thereafter a proposal was made by the librarian, which was the beginning of one of the most interesting customs of the club and one which has furnished the library with an ample income from that day to this. The idea suggested was that twenty-four mugs or steins be decorated each year and sold at auction at the library dinner for the benefit of the library. Each member of the club at that time had his own private mug, decorated by himself, or for him by a professional friend, with his name burned in under the glaze at the Volkmar Pottery. These suggested the library mugs, and limiting the yearly output for the library sale was a plan to keep up prices.

These mugs were to be decorated by a selected number of artists, each mug numbered and signed. This plan met with prolonged opposition from a faction who believed that an unlimited number of mugs sold at a large reception would yield a larger revenue. One enthusiastic member offered to furnish sixty mugs decorated and burned at his own expense, to be sold at a reception or "stag." Fortunately, as experience has proved, the original plan of the limited number of mugs prevailed, although the librarian of that day never dreamed that one of the twenty-four would be sold at the dinner-table for a thousand dollars.

Eighteen years have passed since the first library-dinner auction. The customs of a club are those pleasant functions of periodical recurrence which give it character and charm, but which are usually the ripened fruit of a slow growth. This custom, however, of decorating twenty-four *ex-libris* mugs to be sold at the library dinner was born to the Salmagundians full-fledged and launched on the high tide of success from its inception. The first of these library sales took place after the dinner on May 6, 1899, and the modest sum realized was three hundred and ninety-seven

dollars. Walter Shirlaw was the guest of honor and the highest price of the evening, sixty dollars, was paid for Mr. Shirlaw's mug, which was probably a graceful compliment accorded by Mr. Saltus to the guest of the library.

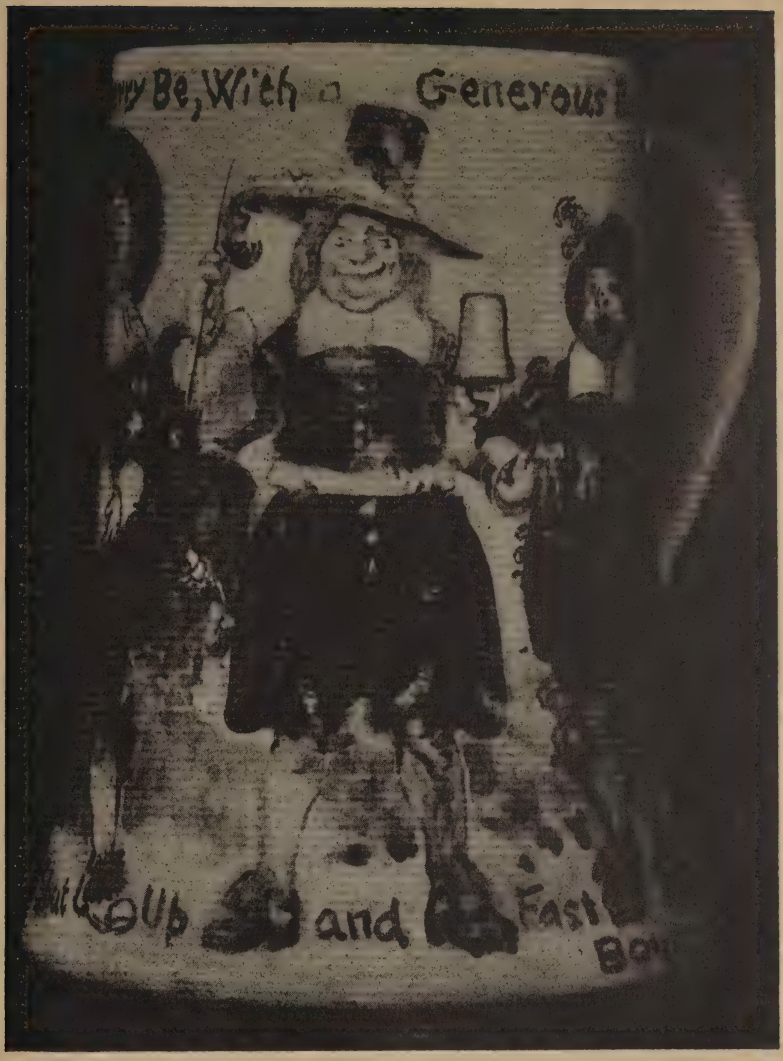
On April 1, 1898, a committee was appointed to secure a book-plate for the library, which resulted in what was announced as the "Ex-Libris Dinner" and which was really the first of the Annual Library Dinners. It was known as "Book-Plate Night." The committee consisted of Thomson Willing, Alexander W. Drake, and the librarian. As a result of this movement, Mr. Clarkson Cowl offered a prize of sixty dollars for the best design for a book-plate. The prize was awarded to the pen-drawing of George Elmer Browne, which was reproduced in facsimile and printed on thin Japanese paper and is still in use as the book-plate of the Salmagundi Club.

The second sale of mugs at the library dinner of 1900 brought six hundred and thirteen dollars, one mug selling for one hundred dollars. In 1891, at the third sale, the amount received at the auction fell back to five hundred and fifteen dollars, and rose again in 1902 to eight hundred and five dollars. One of the mugs decorated by Howard

Pyle sold for a hundred dollars. In 1904 Mr. Ritschel's mug brought one hundred and eighty dollars, and in 1905 a mug decorated by Mr. Corwin Knapp Linson sold for two hundred and two dollars. Thus the price of single mugs was steadily soaring, due entirely to the progressive generosity of one buyer.

In 1906 the sale was of unusual interest and the prices rose to an aggregate of eleven hundred and eighty-five dollars. In that year's collection was a mug decorated by Edwin A. Abbey. The librarian had had a wooden box made in which the white mug traveled to London and returned in the unburned state. The decoration was one of Abbey's quaint and playful designs. An English village inn, with barmaid in the door, is pictured on one side of the mug, and on the other are three very Abbeyesque figures — a jolly roysterer with pipe and bowl, a bell-ringer, ringing; and between the two a half-tipsy Puritan, whom they are evidently leading astray, and circling the top and bottom of the mug this rollicking couplet:

"He that will not merry, merry be, with generous bowl and toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up and fast bound to a post."



THE ABBEY MUG

There was a sharp contest in the bidding for the Abbey mug and also for a mug by Howard Pyle. Mr. George A. Hearn had sent in a bid of two hundred and fifty dollars for the Abbey mug. The two coveted pieces of delft, however, went into Mr. Saltus's collection, the Abbey for four hundred and sixty-one dollars and the Pyle for two hundred and sixty dollars. This was real bidding, which was not always the case, as, for instance, in the following year a mug decorated by F. Luis Mora sold at the dinner-table for five hundred and five dollars. This was a sum sent over by Mr. Saltus, who was then in Nice, with the simple direction, "Buy me a mug." He wished to place that sum in the library and he wished to do it in his own way. As it was known that he always wished his undivided contribution to be expended for one mug, it was the custom to begin the sale by offering the first choice, and when these large sums had to be expended on one mug there was an amusing competition of irresponsible bids, by such of us as were in the secret, until the desired sum was reached.

By this time the library committee was very proud of the sums realized at the library dinners and of the big prices paid for single mugs, so in

1908, at the tenth library dinner, Dr. Billings, then at the head of the Astor Library, was made the guest of honor. Imagine our disappointment when the sum realized from that year's sale fell to three hundred and twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, the smallest return from any library sale.

At the 1909 dinner a mug by F. K. M. Rehn sold for five hundred and fifty-five dollars, and in 1911 a mug signed by Ballard Williams sold for six hundred and sixty-two dollars, a sum more than double the amount of the entire evening's receipts at the Billings dinner.

In 1910 the sum realized from the dinner-sale was eleven hundred and fifty-four dollars, and in 1911 it was eleven hundred and eighteen dollars. After the first few years the burning of the designs under a heavy glaze at the Volkmar Pottery was abandoned for burning without glaze, which better preserved the delicacy of the decorated surface. In 1911 the new shape of the mugs, designed and made at the Lenox Pottery at Trenton, New Jersey, made their appearance. In 1912 the mugs brought seven hundred and twelve dollars at the fourteenth annual dinner-sale. The total amount realized for the library fund from these fourteen sales at the dinner-table

was ninety-seven hundred and forty-two dollars.

In 1914, Mr. Charles Frederick Naegele was made librarian. He succeeded Mr. Albert A. Southwick, who had succeeded Dr. Henry S. Oppenheimer, who had taken the library in 1908 from Mr. Shelton, the first librarian. Mr. Naegele caused the library books to be renumbered and recatalogued on an elaborate card system admirably suited to a library that was complete. Instead of the usual mug sale for revenue, the new librarian designed an elaborate jewel box, with an oval on the lid and circular side panels for decoration. Forty of these boxes were decorated and sold on the evening of March 8, 1915, in the Rose Parlor at the Plaza Hotel. The sum realized at the sale was three thousand dollars. The boxes cost about fifteen dollars each before they passed into the hands of the artists for the decorations, which were painted in oil. After the sale a liberal sum was divided among the decorators, so that in the end the net result was not greater than under the old system. There was so much opposition to the new idea that it was not continued in 1916. There was a lapse in the mug-dinners from 1915 to 1917. Mr. Raymond Perry was elected libra-

rian in 1916, and on the 30th day of January, 1917, the old custom was resumed. The first librarian was the guest of honor at the library dinner and Mr. Saltus sat on his right. When first choice was offered to start the sale, Mr. Vezin made a generous bid of one hundred dollars, which was followed by an unusual and ominous silence. It was believed that Mr. Saltus was determined to make this particular dinner a great financial success, but how it was to be done did not yet appear. After several more mugs had been sold he confided to the guest of the evening that he was about to buy a mug for one thousand and one dollars:

"Bid against me."

So in the midst of tumultuous applause and hilarity the mug decorated by Mr. William Fair Kline was the first mug to pass the thousand-dollar milestone at a Salmagundian Library dinner. The total of the evening sale was fourteen hundred and seventy-seven dollars.

Since the first mug-dinner the library has had money to spend. For the first two years its fund was deposited with the treasurer of the club, but when the office was established with a bookkeeper at the desk, and the new treasurer came

TITLE-PAGE

Designed by Thomson Willing : Head by F. Luis Mora

in, the library balance of two hundred dollars had disappeared. Since that time one member of the library committee has been treasurer and the club has had no control of the funds of the library.

The library of the Salmagundi Club is a library for artists. It is not large, but in several respects it is a unique library, largely embodying the peculiar tastes of one man, for it is a library with an "angel," who appeared unawares when Mr. J. Sanford Saltus brought in his first book, "The Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah," to the little collection at 40 West Twenty-second Street, since which Mr. Saltus has contributed, in value, if not in numbers, more than one half of the library. It is unique in containing, probably, the most complete collection of costume books in America. Out of less than five thousand volumes, more than seven hundred are on costumes, including most of the rare and curious works on that subject published in Europe at about the close of the eighteenth century.

At one of the early meetings in the old Rogers Studio, a few fashion plates from "Godey's Lady's Book" were displayed on the wall, which were the forerunners of the unique set of twenty volumes of "The Costumes of the Nineteenth

Century." The compiling of this work, however, which continued during more than two years, was not undertaken until the library had money of its own, which was after the first sale of library mugs in the following year. The first investment for this work was the purchase of a collection of fashion plates, mostly English. Each volume of the set covers a period of five years and as far as possible twenty-four original plates were collected for each year. As the work advanced, plates for several of the years were secured with extreme difficulty by Mr. Saltus in the old book-stalls of London, Paris, Cannes, and Nice. The plates were mounted by the same expert, then past eighty years old, who did the mounting and inlaying of the famous volumes compiled by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, which are now in the New York Public Library. The title-pages, designed by Mr. Thomson Willing, and the three prefaces are illuminated, and the title-page of each volume is centered with a head painted and signed by an artist member of the club. The first quarto volume, 1800–1805, has a water-color head on the title-page by F. Luis Mora. The other artists on the title-pages, in order of sequence, are James Symington, George Elmer Browne, M. Sandor,

William Verplanck Birney, E. L. Henry, J. Sanford Saltus, William E. Hays, H. C. Edwards, Genjiro Yeto, Gordon Grant, W. A. Schneider, Frank Russell Green, W. C. Ostrander, J. G. Brown, F. S. Church, George W. Maynard, Walter Shirlaw, Hy. Mayer, and Carroll Beckwith.

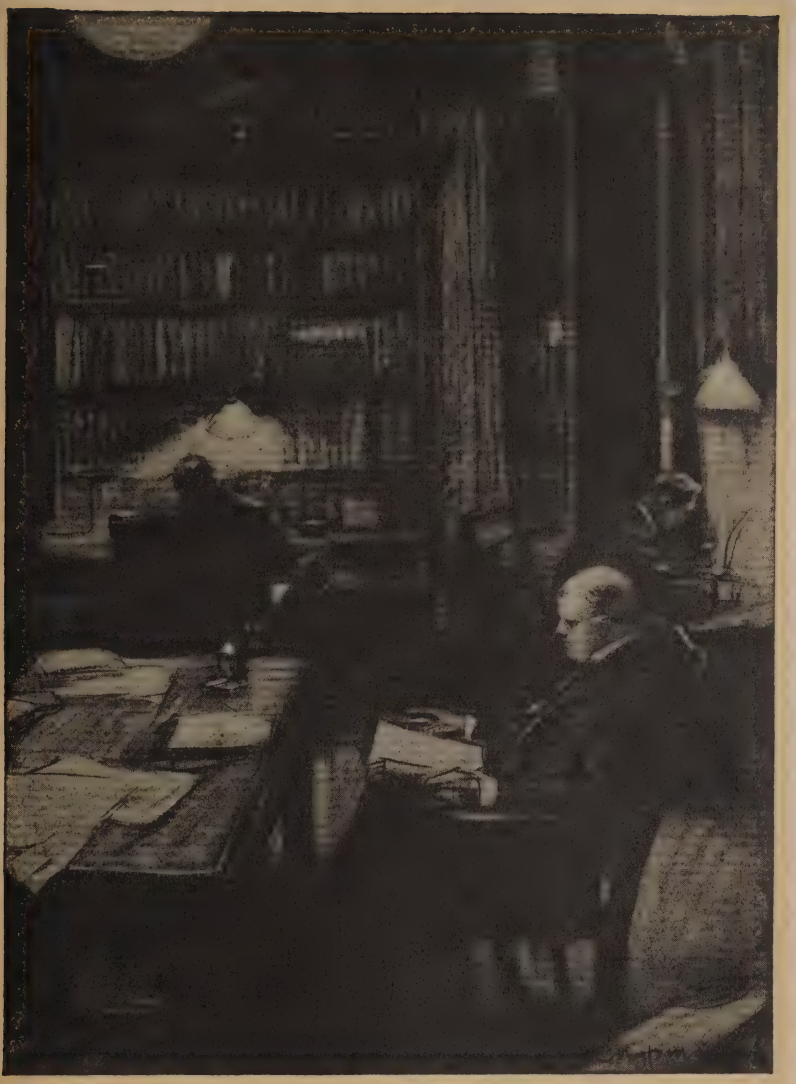
Another subject in which Mr. Saltus is interested is the mystery of the French dauphin, Louis XVII, and on this subject the library has the largest collection in the country. The library is rich in technical books on art subjects, and in biographies of painters, including selections from the library of the late John La Farge, and in early books illustrated in aquatint.

Some of the rare books are: the "Souvenir of the Bal Costume" given by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, May 12, 1842, many of the portraits of the noble guests autographed; "Une Femme de Qualité au Siècle Passé," illustrated by Maurice Leloir, 2 vols., folio, and "The Coronation of James II," London, 1687. On the diagram of the banquet tables in Westminster Hall, plate 133 is "Salmagundy," plate 117 is "Periwinkles," and plate 73 is "Pettitoes hot."

The library possesses a unique folio, its heavy covers stamped with the imperial arms of Russia;

"Collection — 88 Aquarelles Chinoises . . . pour S.M. L'Empereur de Russie." The eighty-eight aquarelles are full-page Chinese water-colors, on rice paper heavily mounted, of flowers, with their attendant butterflies or moths; "Indian Tribes of North America," M'Kenney and Hall, Philadelphia, 1838, 3 vols., folio; "Victories of the Duke of Wellington," from drawings of R. W. Westall, R. A. London, 1819; large-paper folio; "Ackermann's Repository of Arts," London, 1809–1828, 40 vols. This fine octavo set, bound in old tree calf, contains, in some of the earlier volumes, a unique form of advertising, a distinguished forerunner of the magazine advertising of the present day. Several forms of woodcut pages provide rectangular blank spaces (in one case these are on the wings of a windmill) on which are mounted samples of woven fabrics and fancy papers of that period, which are as fresh and bright as when they were put on a hundred years ago; "Costumes Militaires Français, depuis l'organisation des premières troupes régulières en 1439 jusqu'en 1789." 3 vols., folio, Paris, 1850.

For many years the library dinners were as unique in their artistic setting as in their method of raising a revenue. The late Alexander W.



LIBRARY, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

Drake, who was a member of the club and a friend of the library, always contributed of his famous collection of brasses for the decoration of the gallery and the tables. The "blazer," the bottom of a huge sugar boiler, battered into many glittering faces, had its annual place behind the president, and superimposed upon a background of rugs were every conceivable form of brazen plaque, platter, plate, dish, disk, medallion, bas-relief, and bed-warmer covers, gleaming from the four walls, and the tables were lighted by candles in brass candlesticks and antique candelabra, and at the head of the table, the four great Russian candlesticks stood high among the roses. It was easy money, the dinners brought a golden shower, and it was long the ambition of one librarian to come to the library dinner with an empty treasury, asking to be filled again.

As already stated, the library had its beginning in the little front room at 49 West Twenty-second Street, and found a new lodgment at No. 40, where the magazines were spread out on a library table and bound at the end of the year to increase the number of volumes on the shelves. The li-

brary-room, which was a reading-room as well, was a sort of alcove screened from the billiard-room by a low partition against which the book-shelves were built. It was here that Mr. Saltus came to the aid of the library, and such activity followed that at the end of two years the collection of books made the journey to Twelfth Street in a number of great baskets and was considered quite a formidable collection.

In the Twelfth Street house it grew and climbed and expanded and extended for twenty active years, beginning in a large room of its own, climbing gradually to the ceiling, expanding into alcove cases and extending its area by creeping through the hall until it lined the walls of the card-room and claimed the entire third floor of the house for its domain.

In its third and last move the library migrated in one hundred boxes, in which it remained on storage for two months before going upon the new shelves in its handsome oak room at 47 Fifth Avenue, which is sixty feet long, its two front windows looking across at the Magdalen tower of the Old First Church.

CHAPTER VII

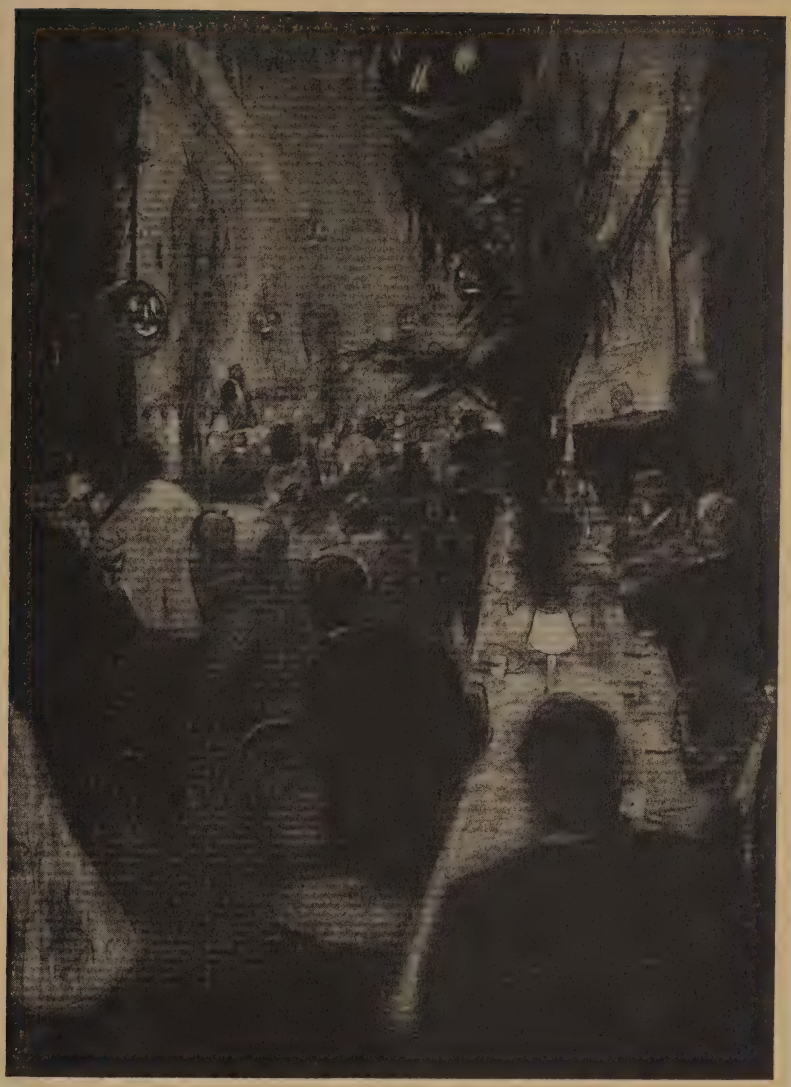
SOME SOCIAL OCCASIONS

Sir, you are welcome to our Club

BEGINNING with that very interesting and very enthusiastic period in 1898 when the semi-monthly dinners, cooked in the laundry by the former chef of the Brevoort House, and served in the Rogers Studio, the Salmagundi Club has been a dining-club. The dining habit has finally crystallized into five set functions in the club year; the "Get-together" dinner in the fall when the painter members get in from their summer's work on the shore, in the fields, and in the distant mountains: the "Get-away" dinner in the spring when the same professionals are about to get away again with palette and brush; and midway between these two dinners, the "Keep-together" dinner.

Once during the winter a distinguished painter or sculptor is entertained at dinner. In 1917 it was George de Forest Brush, who was the painter guest of the club, and in 1916 the club entertained J. Alden Weir, the former president of the National Academy of Design. The fifth annual dinner is the library dinner at which the twenty-

four decorated steins, as heretofore described, are sold at auction for the library fund. The costume dinner, formerly a fixture, is growing more and more irregular, although the two Saltus gold medals are always forthcoming, one for the best costume worn by a club member and another for the best costume worn by a guest. These medals are awarded by a popular vote. The successful costume has usually involved a studied characterization, well acted, and usually of some humble type, and not a showy dress from the shelves of a costumer. On one occasion a member, who was an opera singer, appeared in a satin coat and knee breeches, silk stockings and a powdered wig, and resigned in disgust because the gold medal was captured by a bashful little Zuñi maiden in a very plain skirt and leggings. Medals have been voted to a blanketed Indian, otherwise clothed in red paint and an eagle's feather; to a Zulu bushman with brush tied to the calves of his legs; to Napoleon Bonaparte; to a powder-stained artillery driver of the Civil War; and on one occasion, to a venturesome monkey, who ran grimacing through the pool of water that formed the center of the long head table, scattering the goldfish and spray.



HALLOWEEN DINNER, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

There is another annual dinner, though not entirely a club affair, given by Mr. Samuel T. Shaw to the winner of his purchase-prize picture in the Oil Exhibition. The dinner is served on a table shaped like a horseshoe, the guests sitting on the outer rim for the rows of nails and Mr. Shaw presiding at the toe-calk. The center space, within the horseshoe, is reserved for dancing or for some other form of spontaneous entertainment. After the cloth is removed, a set of paper insets is disclosed extending around the outer rim of the table, on which the artist guests make random sketches in chalks provided for the purpose. Colored reproductions of the prize picture of the evening, autographed on the margin by every one present at the dinner, are the souvenirs of these occasions. This complimentary dinner to the winner of the Shaw Prize takes place in the gallery when the Annual Oil Exhibition is hung, just one year after the prize was awarded.

Another function, which is a monthly dinner (during the winter), has been steadily growing in popularity. On one Sunday evening in each month members may bring their wives and sweethearts to a dinner which is usually served in the gallery, during an exhibition, when the

walls are hung with pictures. A musical entertainment usually follows and sometimes dancing.

The hospitality of the club is extended to several art societies for their annual dinners and the fame of its good cooking attracts outside fraternities in which members of the club are interested.

The popularity of the dinners was to the credit of Hugo Pollock, who had been the steward of the club for fifteen years. Between his appearance and the stewardship of Emil Mehl,-whose father was the retired chef of the Brevoort House, several stewards have presided for brief and unsatisfactory periods. There was a one-eyed party, who, having been steward on a Gould yacht, promptly began robbing the club in a thorough and practical way, born of his experience in the position from which he had been discharged.

There was an Italian, the proprietor of a table-d'hôte restaurant in a neighboring street, who promptly proceeded to provide the wine for his restaurant at the expense of the club.

There was a third experiment that proved unsatisfactory, and finally, a graduate of the supply department of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, who lodged in the house, and who descended the

stairs in the morning unfolding a fresh pocket handkerchief as he came and spent most of the day with his feet on the desk in the office.

On January 24, 1899, the club gave a dinner to its former presidents. It was not a long list of presidential guests. Among the treasures of the club's early pottery, made just before this dinner, is a large pitcher decorated with the heads of its first six presidents. The heads on the pitcher are those of Joseph Hartley, George W. Maynard, C. Y. Turner, Thomas Moran, Lewis Fraser, and A. T. Van Laer, drawn by the late H. Pruet Share. From this dinner Mr. Moran, the fourth president, and Mr. Van Laer, the sixth president, were absent. Mr. Van Laer had just completed his first term as president of the Salmagundi Club and Robert C. Minor, who was then president, presided. It is the custom of some clubs to retain the same president for a generation, if he proves to be a post-prandial orator, or a flowery speaker, but it has been the way of the Salmagundi Club to pass the honor around. By the terms of the constitution the president must be an artist, and in practice his rank as a painter has been the first recommendation for that high office.

So the Salmagundi Club has had many presidents for short terms, some of whom have presided graciously at the club dinners. This presidential dinner was in the Rogers Studio. The following is quoted from the "Tribune" of the next morning: "Some music was given after the dinner. After this Mr. Minor rose and in a brief speech welcomed the ex-presidents. He said that the club was founded twenty-eight years ago by a few men who had nothing but enthusiasm. Their future would be brightened by their success in the past. The club owed a great deal to the men who had presided over it, and he hoped that they would all live to see it a center of all that was valuable and interesting in the art life of New York City."

The most memorable dinner ever given in the old house in Twelfth Street was the dinner given on the evening of the 2d of February, 1904, by the Salmagundi Club to its former brother in arms the Tile Club. The Tile Club was only a memory then, a reminder of the old days in the Sarony show room with the crocodiles and the mummies. The gallery was decorated with the seals of the twenty-two members of that exclusive club. Each Tiler's symbol was encircled by

PARLOR, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

his Tile-name. A chestnut burr stood for Ned Abbey, who was known as the "Chestnut," from a story he had on tap that never ended; an owl was the seal for F. Hopkinson Smith, who was known only as the "Owl"; a knife, cross, and crescent for Frank Millet, who was known as the "Bulgarian"; a bishop's hat for Gedney Bunce, the "Bishop"; a head in a high ruff for William M. Chase, who was known as "Briareus"; a "Griffin" for Swain Gifford; a conical hat for George Boughton, the "Puritan"; a lean lion rampant for Alfred Parsons, "the Englishman"; an eagle's head for Napoleon Sarony, who was called the "Bird of Freedom"; for Strahan (pen-name Earl Shinn), Tile-name the "Bone," a shin bone; for William Paton, called "Haggis," a ram's skull; for Truslow, a friend of Abbey, known as the "Boarder," a knife and fork; for J. Alden Weir, known as "Cadmium," a palette and brushes; for Frederick Dielman, known as the "Terrapin," a Baltimore turtle; a ship for Arthur Quartley, the "Marine"; for William M. Laffan, known as "Polyphemus," a head with one eye; for Saint Gaudens, known as the "Saint," just a head in a halo; a Roman head for Elihu Vedder, "The Pagan"; for A. B. Frost, an icicle;

for Stanford White, known as the "Builder," a beaver; for George W. Maynard, known as the "Hawk," the head of that bird; and a head for Stanley Reinhart, who was known as "Sirius."

And these were the seals and the club names of twenty-two Tilers, as shown on the end papers of the "Book of the Tile Club," made in Boston, by Houghton Mifflin Company, and the marvel of its time.

Not all were expected, for "Sirius" and the "Marine" and the "Bird of Freedom" and the "Bone" had already passed into the beyond. Furthermore, letters were read by the president, J. Scott Hartley, from the "Chestnut," the "Englishman," and the "Puritan," then in London, from the "Pagan" in Rome, and from "Cadmium," the "Icicle," the "Builder," and from "Briareus." The guests of the Salmagundians, former Tilers, who sat down under the great frieze of seals, were the "Owl," "Haggis," the "Terrapin," the "Griffin," the "Bulgarian," the "Hawk," "Polyphemus," the "Saint," the "Bishop," and the four musicians of the old club, William Baird, the baritone, Antonio Knaus, Dr. Lewenberg, otherwise "Catgut," and Gustav Kobbé, the pianist.

The "Owl" was the orator of the occasion, interrupted and guyed by the "Bishop" and by the "Bulgarian." One of the vivid pictures of that dinner that comes to mind is of "Polyphemus" and the "Bulgarian" making a loving-cup of a stone mug and brimming it over with champagne. Later in the evening a telegram arrived from "Briareus" announcing the safe arrival of a daughter. The telegram arrived while Mr. William Baird, the baritone of the old club, was singing, "The Bedouin Love Song":

> "Oh, gentle wind, oh, tranquil sea
> Send home my golden ships to me."

The company rose and drank the health of the young lady, then two hours old, and Dr. Lewenberg borrowed a violin from the orchestra and played a cradle song of his own composition.

After the dinner the company adjourned to the library where "The Book of the Tile Club," a gift from the "Owl," and so autographed, was produced and each of the Tilers present signed his illustrations.

There was one privileged member of the Tile Club, who never was present and who never saw the club. This was George H. Boughton, the London painter of the American Puritan, who

Abbey said was all sorts of a good fellow, and so he was made a member of the club. An official seal was made for him on parchment to be sent along with the notification of his election. It was promptly decided by the club that the seal looked too new and that what it needed was some decent evidence on its face of a respectable antiquity, so it was properly stained and then danced upon by the "Owl," the "Chestnut," and the "Builder" and all the other Tilers until they were exhausted, and then, after the document had been sufficiently abused and violated, it was forwarded to London, where it was framed and hung on the walls of George Boughton's studio.

From that goodly company of Tilers, who dined with the Salmagundians in 1904, Death, the Reaper, has called ten. The "Bulgarian" went down with the Titanic; the "Puritan" and the "Griffin" live in their works; the "Saint" in his immortal sculptures; "Polyphemus" as the successor of Charles A. Dana; the "Beaver," victim of an assassin, lives in poems of marble, and the "Chestnut," the "Owl," "Briareus," and the "Bishop" in their works and in the hearts of their admirers.

CARD-ROOM, 14 WEST 12TH STREET

From a charcoal drawing by Charles S. Chapman

The Tile Club was never intended, like the Century Club or the Salmagundi Club, to develop into a permanent organization — indeed, if such a development had resulted, it would have been a living offense to the spirit of its founders. The Tile Club was born in maturity; it was limited in membership carefully to forestall expansion; it was exclusive and perfectly satisfied with its twenty-two members and three musicians. It was organized at No. 2 Union Square, in an attic studio (afterwards occupied by the writer of this history), all of which is fully described by the "Owl" in his book, "The Wood Fire in No. 3," only reading "Tile Club" for "Stone Mugs."

Madame Blavatsky flew away to India with one of the original members; one or two were eliminated; but nobody ever resigned, for, although its habitat was New York, the organization was international; it had no non-resident members — no dues — no forms — no officers — it never met officially or ever adjourned.

It ceased to be when its members were too widely scattered to congregate socially; it went out like a candle snuffed by the wind when there was no one at hand to relight it, and in its demise it did honor to the purpose of its founders.

It has long been a custom of the Salmagundi Club to have a Christmas tree on an evening between the 25th of December and the 1st of January, at which gifts are exchanged by a sort of lottery. The gifts are limited in value to twenty-five cents. One of the pleasant recollections of the club is of the Christmas tree when Mr. Felix Lamond was chairman of the entertainment committee, and when we sat around the lighted tree, in the otherwise darkened gallery, the doors were opened and the robed choir of Trinity Chapel, with book and candle, filed in led by Mr. Lamond, the organist, and sang Christmas carols about the tree.

Among the interesting dinners in the past was one given to the sculptors of the Dewey Arch in 1899, and in 1901 a dinner was given to Mr. Louis C. Tiffany on a cast-iron agreement that he should not be called on for a speech.

On the 27th of February, 1906, a dinner was given to Sir Casper Purdon Clarke and his lieutenants in the Metropolitan Museum, Mr. Edward Robinson and Mr. Roger E. Frye. It was a bohemian affair at which some rather startling stunts were pulled off to the surprise and the delight of Sir Purdon. Mr. Albert Groll performed

the Grasshopper Dance to a violin accompaniment by Mr. Frank de Haven and the club repeatedly sang its favorite chorus:

"There was an old man named Bill
Who lived on the top of a hill,
He got drunk in October
And he never got sober,
And I don't think he ever will."

On April 30 in the following year a dinner was given in honor of the Curators and Directors of the Public Art Galleries of America, at which Sir Purdon, as Director of the Metropolitan Museum, was the ranking guest. The other guests were John W. Beatty, of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh; Richard N. Brooke, of the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington; John G. Heywood, of the Worcester Art Museum; A. H. Bartlett, of the Massachusetts Normal Art School; John E. D. Trask, of the Pennsylvania Academy; and the late Charles N. Kurtz, of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy.

The Salmagundi Club has been famous for its cooking and for the artistic decoration of its public and private tables. With all these dinners great and small, and with high living at all times, the Salmagundians, as loyal disciples of Rabelais, were devouring their incomes, much as Pantagruel ate

his wheat in the ear, and scattered his revenue of Cockchafers, Locusts, and Periwinkles. There was, indeed, the economy of Salmagundi, the cat who licked up the crumbs that fell from the table. He was called "Gundy" for short, and, besides sleeping in the most comfortable chairs, he hunted in the back yards at night. He was a spotted beast with a maltese tail and having lived his short life, there remained behind him sons of Gundy with maltese tails, sleeping on the doormats of half the "hospitable vestibules" in the Washington Square region.

Having always spent its income generously it is not strange that the Salmagundi Club was usually in debt, not hopelessly in debt, but hopefully, cheerfully paying bills that were overdue, and paying rent year after year content to be possessed of no real property or any permanent home of its own.

This was the condition at the beginning of the year 1917, when the opportunity came to buy No. 47 Fifth Avenue, and locate permanently in the neighborhood of Washington Square. Instead of issuing bonds to raise the seventy-five thousand dollars needed for the purchase of the property, the donations of loyal and public-

STAIRWAY, 14 WEST 12TH STREET
From a drawing by Howard Giles

spirited members supplied the means for making a substantial first payment and for completing the building plans and the extensive alterations required. The laymen, as it is customary to call the members who are not artists, turned their pockets inside out to the tune of nineteen thousand dollars, and the offering of pictures by the artist members, at a three nights' sale, brought twenty-one thousand dollars in good red gold instead of periwinkles. An artist member generously contributed an additional five thousand dollars and other donations brought the sum of the voluntary contributions to $46,571.

The purchase of the Fifth Avenue property having been completed, it was realized that the "Get-away" dinner of 1917 would be the last in the old house. The walls of the gallery were lined with a heavy gray paper, and Mr. F. G. Cooper, an accomplished cartoonist, who for many years has drawn the diminutive and grotesque headings for the editorials in "Life," was given a free hand in the decorations, which were not diminutive.

It was a panorama of painters already away at their summer's work, who had turned their backs on the roof that had sheltered them for twenty

years. There were painters setting up their easels among the polar bears and icebergs of Alaska, and painters chased by great snakes under the palm trees of the tropics and back to frost again, all of which was described by the droll and deliberate Wildhack.

Members were forced to do their special stunts for the last time in the old house. Hy. Mayer gave a new and most amusing performance, a lecture on anatomy in wonderfully musical Italian, impersonating an Italian professor, with the help of a skeleton and a set of colored anatomical drawings.

H. C. Edwards was dragged out to give "Casey at the Bat" for the last time under the old skylight, and Leo Mielziner, the chairman of the entertainment committee, had to do "Barbara Frietchie and Stonewall Jack and that Onion Flag."

Between leaving the old club-house and entering the new one, there was a period of two winter months during which the Salmagundi Club was again a wanderer, but by no means a homeless wanderer, for the ruddy firelight of hospitality beckoned its members to the open doors of four brother-clubs, the Princeton Club, the National Arts Club, the Columbia Club, and the City

Club. The members of the Salmagundi Club, who enjoyed this generous hospitality of the above four clubs, were well fed and well entertained. They sat by crackling wood fires in beautiful rooms and learned something of the mystery of other clubs.

As early as November 1 the office of the club was set up in the new house, which may be regarded as the formal act of taking possession, while the work of construction was still under way. The new club-house was thrown open to its members just in time to celebrate Christmas and to open the first exhibition of the year in the beautiful new gallery.

THE END

APPENDIX

House Front, 47 Fifth Avenue

APPENDIX

In 1917 the Salmagundi Club bought the house at 47 Fifth Avenue, which stands at the center of the block between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, and opposite to the Old First Presbyterian Church. This house was built by Irad Hawley, who was then president of the Pennsylvania Coal Company at 90 Broadway. In the New York City Directory for 1854–55, Mr. Hawley's residence is given at 21 Rutgers Place, and in the following directory for 1855–56 he is in his new house at 47 Fifth Avenue. From these dates it may be assumed that the house was built in 1854.

The purchase price of the property was $75,000, and instead of bonding the club, a large sum was raised by voluntary contributions from the "laymen" and by a sale at auction of paintings contributed by artist members. The cash contributions amounted to $25,382 and the pictures brought $21,189, providing a purchase and building fund of $46,571.

Extensive repairs were undertaken, including new construction on the entire unoccupied lot, so that, although the club took possession on the 1st of July, the house was not occupied until nearly Christmas, while work on the interior was still in progress. The general plan of alteration was outlined by the architects who were members of the club, Messrs. W. G. Beatty, Charles W. Buckham, W. J. Beauley, H. Van

Buren Magonigle, J. H. Phillips, Eugene Schoen and the late Goldwin Starrett, and was practically carried out by the building committee, of which Mr. R. F. Kilpatrick was chairman. Mr. Buckham was employed as the building architect. Mr. John Ward Dunsmore was chairman of the committee on decoration, and Mr. Bruce Crane and Mr. Frank Rogers were members.

The house at 14 West Twelfth Street was given up on the 1st of November and for nearly two months the club was without a home. During this period the hospitality of four city clubs, the National Arts, the Princeton, the Columbia, and the City Club, was extended to the Salmagundi Club. Through professional associations, and on account of convenience of location, the National Arts Club and the Princeton Club were most frequented by the Salmagundians during the homeless period, but the hospitality of each of the four clubs is equally and very gratefully acknowledged.

On the occasion of entering and furnishing the new house generous contributions were made by members; such as a bronze chandelier in memory of the late George A. Hearn presented by Mr. Clarkson Cowl, Mr. Donald Cowl and Mr. Herbert S. Greims; a Steinway grand piano, by Mr. Montague Glass; a musical hall clock, 1696, presented by Mr. Joseph Isidor and sisters, and repaired with contribution from Mr. J. Sanford Saltus and Mr. W. H. Shelton. A

colonial sofa was presented by Mr. W. H. Gibson; two crystal chandeliers by Mr. George A. Zabriskie; two bronze candelabra by Mr. Henry T. Thomas; a reading lamp and antique copper vessels by Mr. Edwin S. Chapin; antique arms by Mr. Joseph Isidor and Dr. Henry S. Oppenheimer; library tables by Mr. W. G. Beatty, Dr. Oppenheimer, Mr. David B. Carvalho, and Mr. Fred E. Dayton; the library chairs by Mr. Charles L. Barstow; a figure in Wedgwood, by Mr. Timothy F. Crowley; and Windsor chairs and tables by Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, Mr. Henry H. Cooke, Mr. Charles Mason Fairbanks, Mr. Henry Lang, Mr. A. H. Sonn, Mr. M. Saunders, Mr. R. S. Scarburgh, Mr. Charles Vezin, Mr. William F. Reeves, Mr. E. Irving Couse, Mr. Leon Gordon, Mr. H. R. Rittenburg, Mr. Arthur Litle, Mr. Arthur E. Powell, Mr. H. S. Greims, Mr. John E. Starr, Mr. Walter J. Duncan, Mr. Alexander C. Morgan, Mr. H. A. Lindsay, Mr. Fred W. Hutchison, Mr. Henry R. Poore, Mr. Philip F. Timpson, and Mr. Eugene Ullman.

PRESIDENTS OF THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB

JOSEPH HARTLEY	1871–1888
GEORGE W. MAYNARD	1888–1889
C. Y. TURNER	1889–1893
THOMAS MORAN	1893–1896
W. LEWIS FRASER	1896–1897
A. T. VAN LAER	1897–1898
ROBERT MINOR	1898–1899
A. T. VAN LAER	1899–1900
GEO. H. McCORD	1900–1901
GEORGE INNESS, JR.	1901–1903
J. SCOTT HARTLEY	1903–1905
A. T. VAN LAER	1905–1908
HENRY B. SNELL	1908–1910
F. K. M. REHN	1910–1911
CARLETON WIGGINS	1911–1913
CHARLES VEZIN	1913–1914
F. BALLARD WILLIAMS	1914–1917

PRESENT OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

President
F. BALLARD WILLIAMS

1st Vice-President
EMIL CARLSEN

2nd Vice-President
SAMUEL T. SHAW

Corresponding Secretary
C. M. FAIRBANKS

Recording Secretary
FRANCIS G. WICKWARE

Treasurer
R. F. KILPATRICK

Art Committee

CHAIRMAN, H. B. SNELL
WALTER BIGGS ERNEST D. ROTH R. S. BREDIN
GEORGE M. BRUESTLE

Entertainment Committee

CHAIRMAN, FELIX LAMOND
MONTAGUE GLASS DAVID ROBINSON
CLARKE G. DAILEY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

House Committee

CHAIRMAN, FRED E. DAYTON
JAMES C. ELMS F. W. HUTCHISON ARTHUR LITLE
C. L. BOONE

Library Committee

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TREASURER, ALBERT A. SOUTHWICK
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